

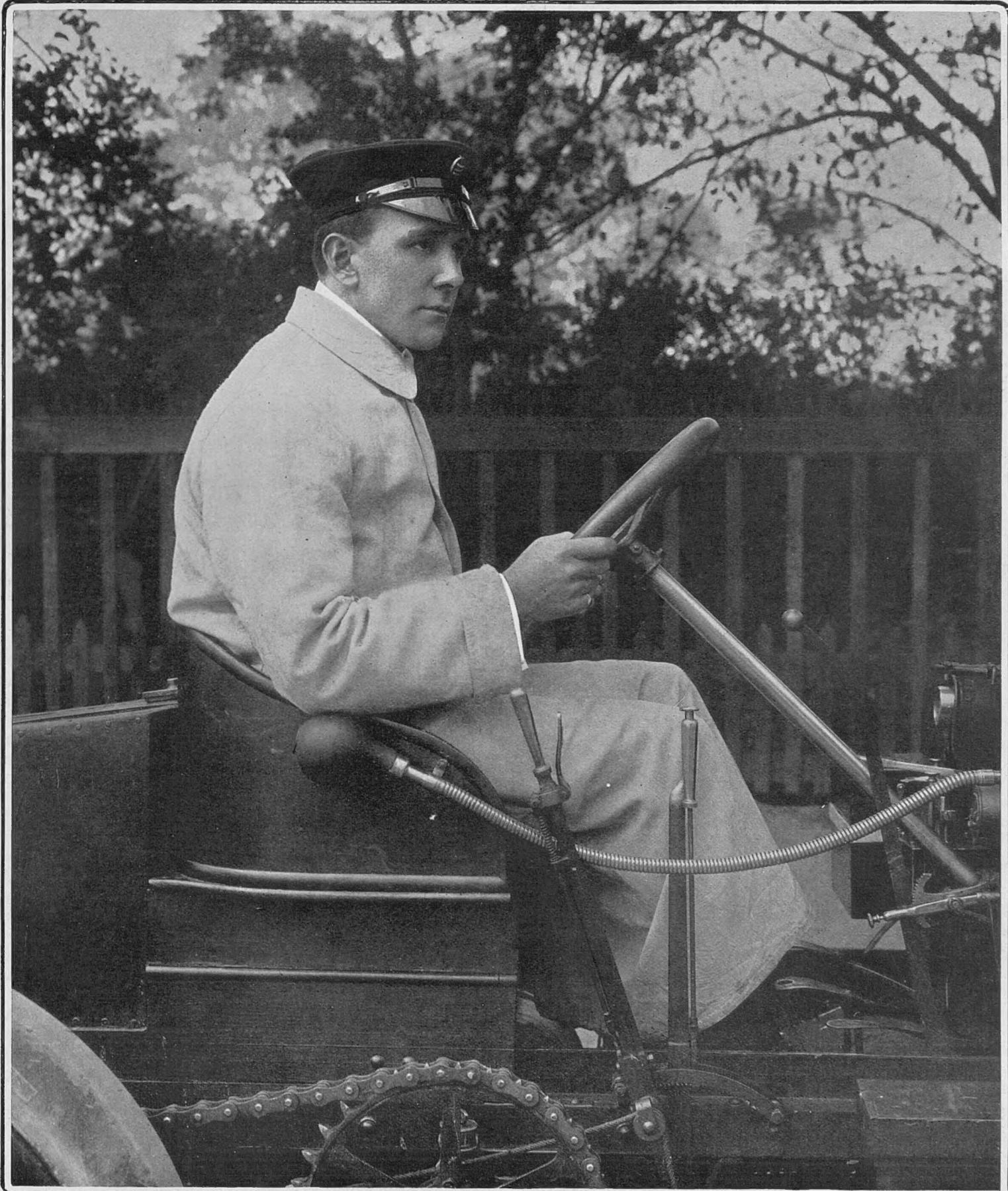
The Sketch



No. 545.—VOL. XLII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1903.

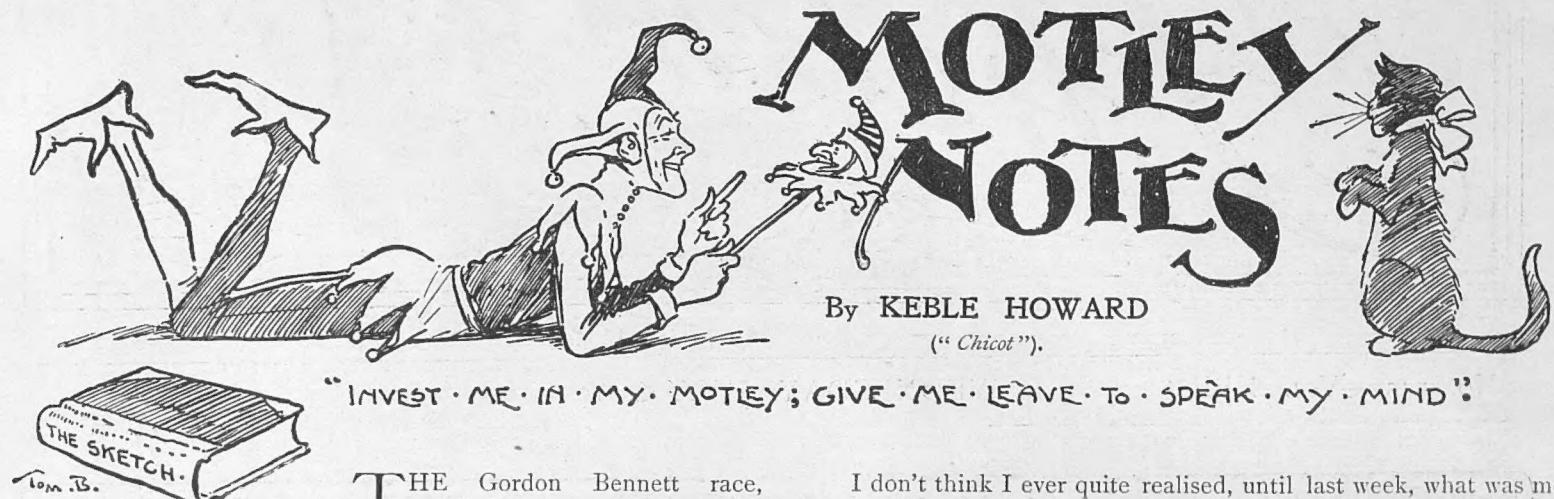
SIXPENCE.



MR. CHARLES JARROTT,

THE DASHING YOUNG MOTORIST WHO BROKE HIS COLLAR-BONE AND WRECKED A NAPIER CAR IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO CARRY OFF THE GORDON BENNETT CUP FOR ENGLAND.

Photographed for "The Sketch." (See "The Man on the Car.")



THE Gordon Bennett race, although it has brought no additional glory to English manufacturers, at any rate made excellent "copy" in Friday's morning papers. Indeed—if I may trespass for once upon the preserves of Mr. *Punch*—most of the competitors appear to have travelled at any rate. And, perhaps, now that I am over the fence, I may as well add that Mr. Edge was so sharp that he cut his own tyres. Hear the *Daily Mail* on the subject of the ex-cup-holder as he looked when racing: "A speck appeared over the edge of the distance, and in a flash Edge's Napier came up, went roaring by with its two crouching, wind-blown occupants, and was gone in a whirl of dust. The speed was terrific, and the one glimpse one had of Edge showed a man with an adamant face clinging like steel to his steering-wheel." That is a fine bit of descriptive writing, but, for all that, I think poor Jarrott, with his car cut clean in two and his collar-bone broken will appeal most strongly to the popular imagination. Jarrott has the reputation of being the coolest of racing motorists; I should imagine that he is also inclined to take very grave risks. Yet, after all, what more can Life offer to a man in the way of excitement when he has already experienced the intoxicating joy of travelling eighty miles an hour on a motor?

Mr. John Hollingshead, that ever-youthful veteran, has furnished us with a delightful souvenir of the Gaiety Theatre in the Historiette entitled "Good Old Gaiety." One refreshing anecdote tells of Mr. Hollingshead's negotiations with the gentleman who built the theatre—

"I said to him, 'I hear you're building a theatre?'"
 "Quite true."
 "I should like to take it."
 "All right. Got any money?"
 "Not much; about two hundred pounds."
 "No matter, you can get more."

That was all, but those few words, by the way, contain the essence of the long-winded wrangles that seem inseparable from modern theatrical business. The majority of theatrical folk, as everyone knows, are shockingly unbusiness-like, but they sign more contracts and pay more lawyers' fees than any other set of people in the world. . . . Mr. Hollingshead's memoir is full of interesting things. Small wonder that the Gaiety audience on Saturday night—the last Gaiety audience—hugged the volume tightly to their breasts as, with dim eyes, they left the house of many joyous memories and were swallowed up in the rush and roar of the Strand.

Whatever we may say, however, with regard to the actor's lack of business qualities, nobody will deny that he does more than most people in the cause of charity. Hardly a week of the season passes without a benefit performance at one theatre or another, and one frequently hears of a manager giving the whole of an evening's receipts to a hospital or some similar institution. Mr. Arthur Bourchier, I see, who revives "The Bishop's Move" on Monday evening next, has decided to devote the proceeds of the first night to Lady Jeune's Children's Country Holiday Fund. Not content with so beneficent a deed, he will further give the proceeds of the second night to the Hand-made Household Linen Industry for Unemployed Girls. If our actor-managers continue to excel their own generous actions in this way, it will soon be necessary for the working actors to organise a series of benefit performances on behalf of the managers. I should imagine that this double event of Mr. Bourchier's constitutes a record. I shall not be at all surprised to find him looking, on Monday night, more episcopal than any other bishop in England.

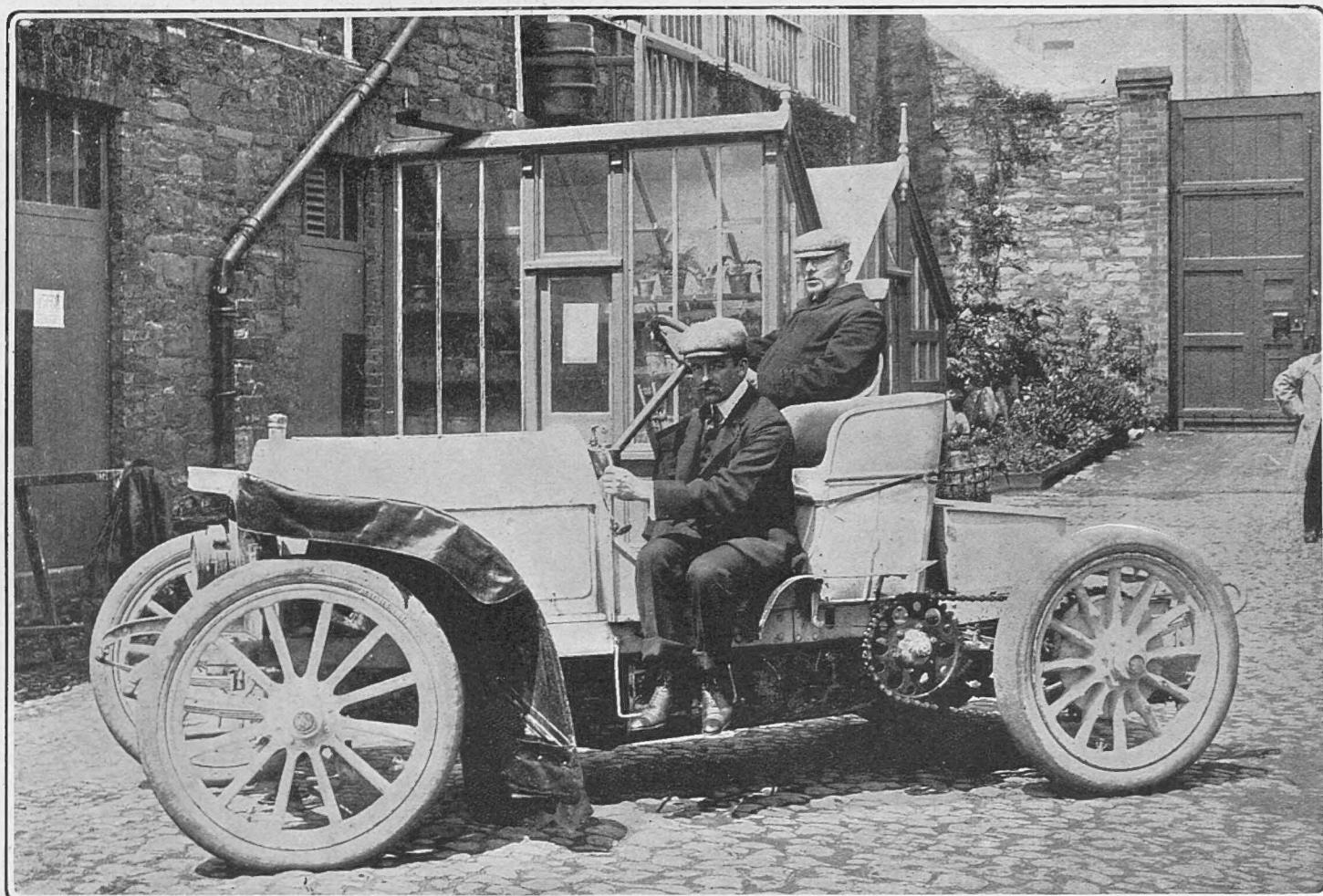
I don't think I ever quite realised, until last week, what was meant by the penalty of fame. The window of the room wherein these flippancies are concocted, I must tell you, commands an uninterrupted view of a certain stage-door. It will not be necessary to mention the name of the theatre; I will content myself with explaining that a series of matinées has been taking place there, the principal actor being a gentleman who has become quite celebrated as the hero of musical comedies. So extraordinary is the fascination that he exercises over the female sex that, after each matinée, a crowd of young women has regularly awaited his exit from the stage-door. Since he is by nature, I am told, the most modest of men, you may imagine how I felt for him in his embarrassments. The report as to his modesty, moreover, was fully borne out by his conduct on these occasions, for he would emerge from the stage-door hurriedly, with lowered head, and plunge into the dim recesses of a four-wheeled cab. Many men, you know, would have walked up the street or taken an ordinary hansom. Not so our musical-comedy hero. My only wonder was that he didn't slip out by the front-door of the theatre and so avoid his tormentors. But there! A man can't think of everything.

Every young writer should read the anonymous "Letters to a Young Writer" in the current number of the *Cornhill Magazine*. I am not surprised that the author to whom they were addressed should have decided, now that his friend has passed away, to give the letters to the world. They are full of humour, kindness, encouragement, and common sense. Moreover, they will do quite as much for the literary novice of to-morrow as they did for the literary novice of yesterday. Here, for example, are some maxims that every young author might repeat to himself before he begins and after he has finished his day's work: "Don't lay yourself out to be smart. Don't write against any demi-god or set. Don't write for any demi-god or set. Don't write to vex or to please any mere mortals. Write just to make yourself cry and laugh and swear. Write large, so that the Muse, who is distant, may read. Remember, if you write large enough for her to read, no one who is less high than Heaven can fail to see." I don't know the name of the man who wrote those letters, and I don't know the name of the man to whom they were addressed. But I do know that they will have a very real value for any young author who is fortunate enough to come across them.

This time next week, an the gods be good, I shall be patting my bauble and shaking my bells amid the rustling solitude of a fairy-haunted grove. In other words, I am going away for a holiday. I am not going very far from London, and I shall not be away more than a week, but I feel just as peevish and irritable over the business as though I had taken a tourist ticket to Jericho. And I am quite sure that, on my return, the bother of picking up the threads again will counteract any good that I may have derived from the change of air and scene. However, it is useless to rail on Fate. One must take holidays, and there is an end of it. A friend of mine to whom I was confiding my woes on this question the other night tried to make me more miserable by assuring me that I must not take any books into the country. Whereupon I pointed out to him, with a fine show of triumph, that Mr. T. P. O'Connor was actually conducting a feature in *T. P.'s Weekly* entitled "The Holiday and the Book," the idea being to show his readers how they might enjoy both at one and the same time. Whereupon my friend, with a low cunning for which I had never hitherto given him credit, asked me what book I thought would be most in keeping with the district to which I was going. He didn't catch me, though. I replied, promptly, that I should take a volume of Shakspere and an "A. B. C."

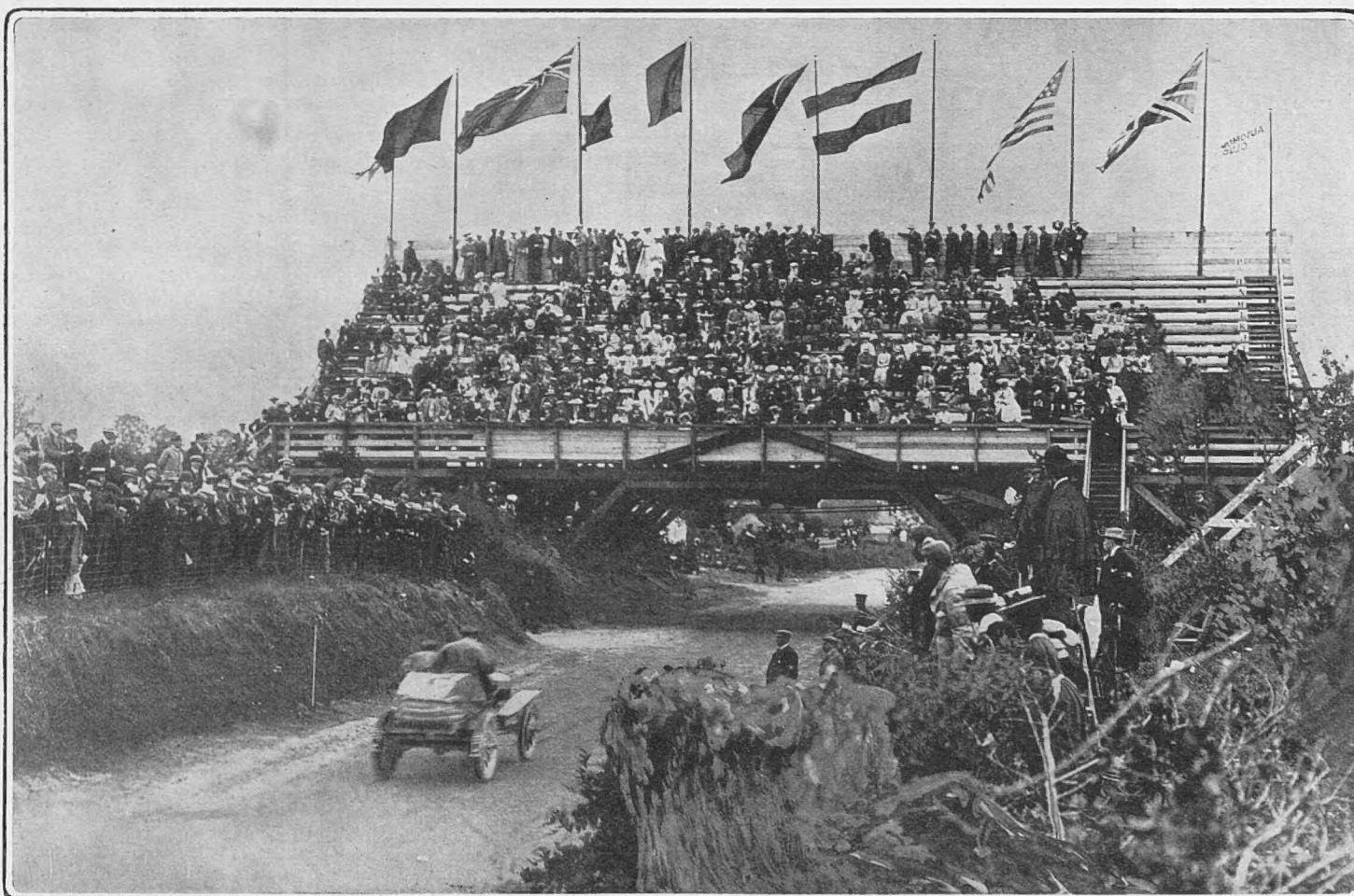
THE INTERNATIONAL MOTOR CONTEST.

(See "The Man on the Car.")



THE WINNER: JENATZY, THE BELGIAN DRIVER OF THE GERMAN MERCEDES.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



THIRD PLACE: M. FARMAN, THE FRENCH REPRESENTATIVE, DRIVING HIS PANHARD AT FULL SPEED UNDER THE STAND OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside, E.C.



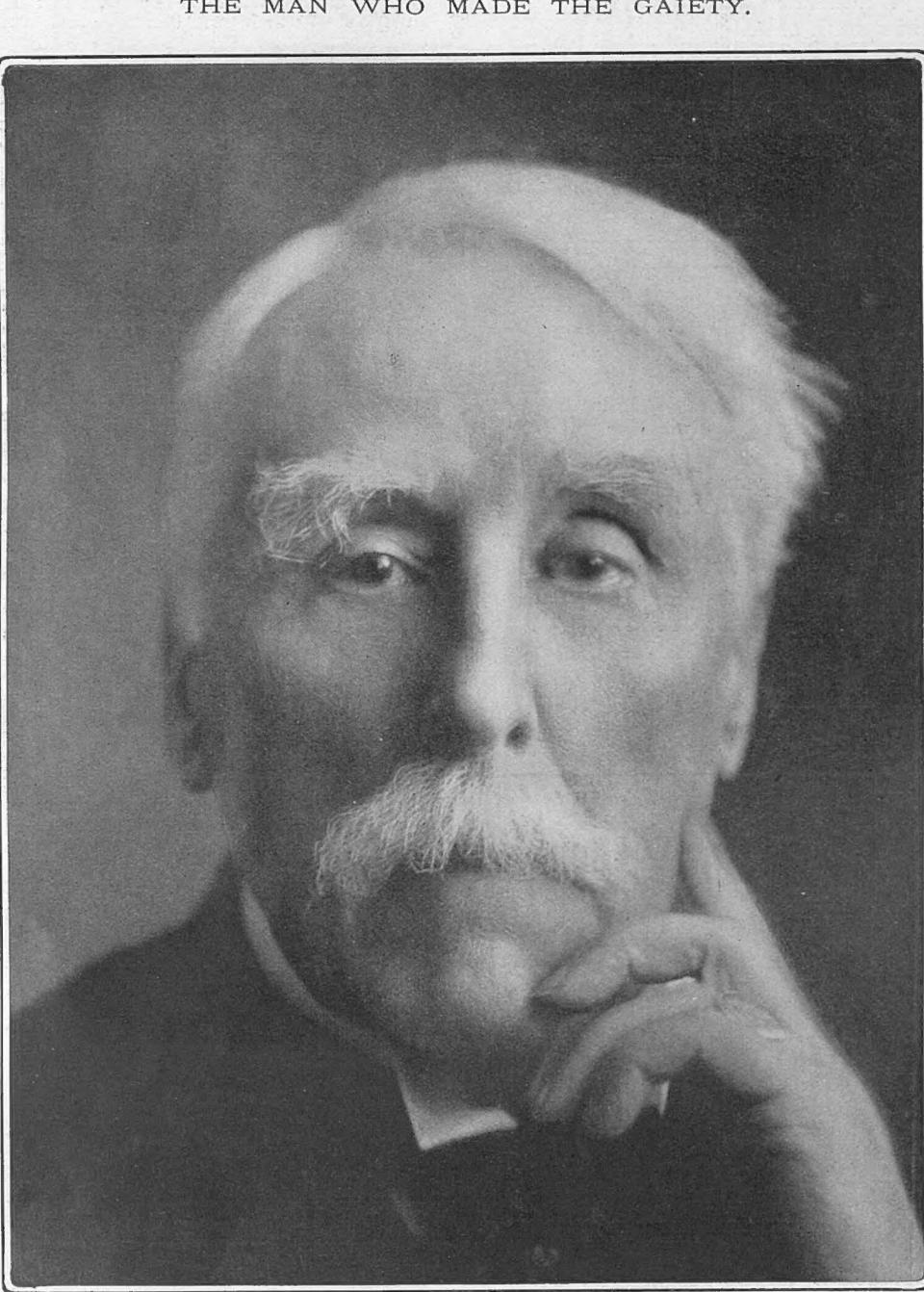
Gaiety Memories—The Stage-Coaches at Ranelagh—A French Gathering at the Supper Club—"Show Sunday" at Henley.

IT was curious, after the last performance at the old Gaiety, to listen to the conversation of the audience as it very slowly went down the Jacob's Ladder of the staircase. Some of the younger men and the ladies talked of what they had seen as though it were a "star" benefit for some theatrical charity, and discussed the surprises—George Grossmith's very funny appearance as a child Queen of the Fairies (a fairy who would have been a strong card in the hand of those M.P.'s who think that children should not be employed in theatres), Clarkson's altercation with his double, the four shining "stars" of musical comedy dancing the *pas de quatre*, the consternation of the chain of ladies following the leader in "The Man from Cook's" when he lay down and rolled on the stage, and Seymour Hicks' marital courtesy to the lady who portrayed Miss Ellaline Terriss—but the older men were talking of the actors and actresses who had not been on the stage that night, and were gossiping regretfully of the men and women who had left the footlights' glare but who may have been present in spirit when Sir Henry Irving spoke his prettily conceived little speech, when "Practical John" eluded Mr. George Edwardes's attempt to draw him forward to say a few words, and when Miss Florence St. John, with tears in her voice, began "For Auld Lang Syne," and the joined hands of the great gathering on the stage and of the overflowing audience began to rise and fall.

My thoughts were those of the older men, for though I was never one of the gilded youths who took a stall by the month, never waited at the Gaiety stage-door, never possessed a crutch-stick, and never carried a toothpick in my mouth, I have been a patron of the Gaiety for many years. As a Harrow boy I decided that my Christmas treat, instead of a seat for a pantomime, should be one to see "Uncle Dick's Darling" and "Wat Tyler," and I have the programme of that performance still, with the names of Toole, Irving, Clayton, Misses Litton, Herbert, R. Coghlan, Constance Loseby, and E. Farren on it. When I was at a Crammer's, Rippon's at Woolwich, I hypothesized, I regret to say, a box of mathematical instruments to pay for a ticket to town, a dinner, and a place in the pit to watch Miss Kate Vaughan and her quartette of high-kicking dancers, and during twenty-one years of soldiering the first theatre I always went to when returning to England from Africa or China, the Straits or India, was the Gaiety. Julia Matthews, Emily Duncan, Tillie Wadman, Harriet Coveney, Selina Dolaro, Kate Vaughan, "Teddy" Lonnem,

David James, "Teddy" Righton, Fred Leslie, Furneaux Cook, "Bill" Yardley, "Pot" Stephens, Robert Reece, "Teddy" Solomon were some of the pillars passed away of the old house whom we grey-haired men talked of and thought of as we went down the stairs for the last time, and we had a regret also for dear Nellie Farren, bearing the hard lot that Fate has brought her like the brick she always has been, and for gallant Johnny Toole, cheerful and happy though crippled.

Given a bright summer Saturday afternoon with a gentle breeze, and there is no pleasanter place to spend it than at Ranelagh. The suburban out-of-door Clubs are institutions which we British may fairly boast of to our neighbours, and the rivalry between them results in the constant increase of attractions at all of them. I went to Ranelagh last Saturday to see the competitions of stage-coaches, but I spent a considerable portion of my afternoon wandering about the grounds, admiring the rose-beds and the lawns, watching the rush of the great host in summery costumes to capture tea-tables about five o'clock, and approving the excellent generalship which enables the other army—a comparatively small one, that of the white-coated waiters—to provide at once the score of little delicacies all or some of which the smart lady of to-day takes with her dish of tea. The parade of the stage-coaches is always very picturesque, and the bright colours they are painted, the gold lettering, the gay coats of the guards, make a review of the coaches of the road, compared with one of private drags, like a gathering of gaudy butterflies contrasted with one of sombre, handsome moths. I was glad that I had not to judge which of the coaches was the best turned-out, for both the "Perseverance" and the "Tantivy" appeared to me to be horsed and turned-out to perfection.



MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

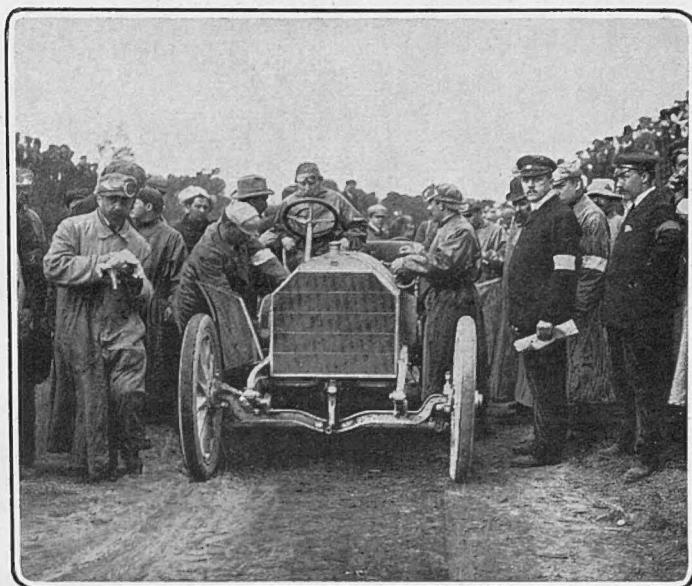
Mr. Hollingshead was born on Sept. 9, 1827, and founded the Gaiety Theatre in 1868. This photograph was taken exclusively for "The Sketch" on Wednesday last.

the *entente cordiale*. Madame Réjane held a little court, the fashionable young men were not too lazy to dance, and Benoist had to organise two series of suppers.

To recover from the dissipations of the Saturday, I went to Henley on Sunday afternoon to see the house-boats new dressed with flowers for the great week. There were fewer boats and launches on the river than is usual on "Show Sunday," and the line of house-boats this year is a very shrunken one. The great novelty this Henley is the great painted proscenium, representing a huge wicker arch covered with flowers, which shows bravely amongst the trees of Phyllis Court and which serves as a frame for those charitable artists who, under the joint banners of Mr. Collins and Mr. Edwardes, are singing, playing, and reciting for that most excellent of coming Clubs, the home for "Tommy" and the "Handy Man"—the "Union Jack."

THE INTERNATIONAL MOTOR CONTEST.

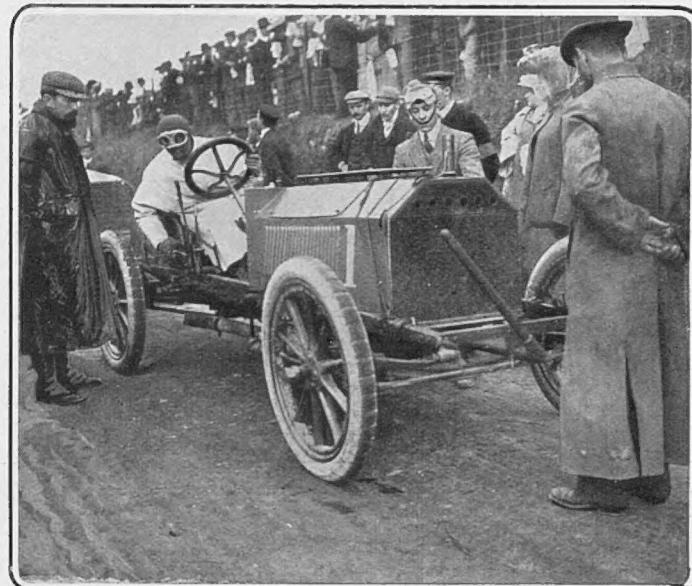
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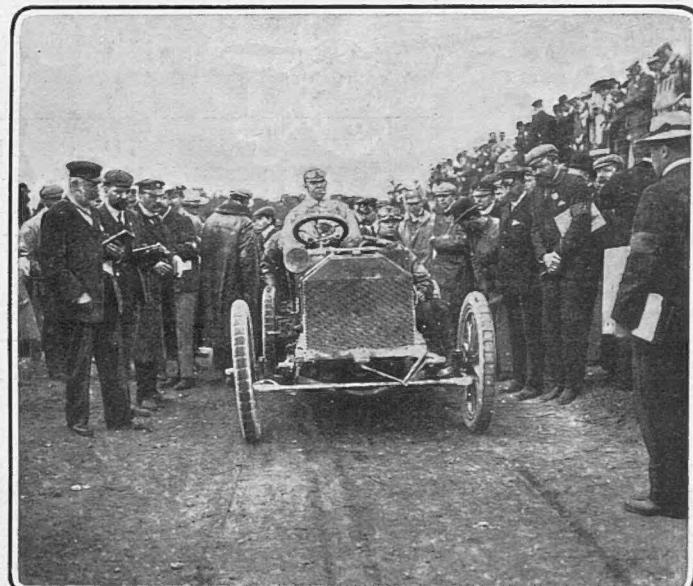
M. JENATZY (GERMANY), WINNER OF THE CUP.



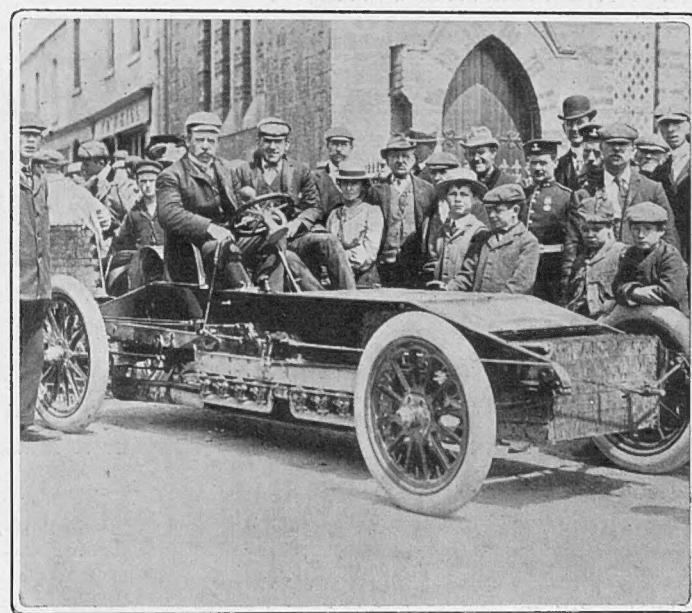
M. DE KNYFF (FRANCE), WHO SECURED SECOND PLACE.



MR. S. F. EDGE (ENGLAND), FIFTH.



MR. CHARLES JARROTT (ENGLAND), WHOSE CAR WAS SMASHED.

Photographs by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside, E.C.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

IT is rather curious that the first State Ball of His Majesty's reign should have been deferred for so long, and, further, that it should take place not in honour of one of those brilliant Royal visits which so often take place at our Court, but in order that the peasant President of France should feel honoured in an adequate manner. State Balls are surrounded with a certain amount of mystery, and the question as to who is and who is not entitled

Duchess of Fife never entertains in the modern sense of the word, though she delights in having round her those who can count themselves among her own and the Duke's intimate friends. Now, however, that a beginning has had to be made, doubtless the Princess of Wales will take her place as head of the great London hostesses, the more so that it would be difficult to find a minor Palace more admirably adapted for entertaining on a large scale than is Marlborough House. This was proved many times during the earlier years of their Majesties' married life, when the Marlborough House Ball was an annual event to which both chaperons and débutantes looked forward with intense longing. In those days the Prince of Wales and his lovely Princess generally gave a dance on the anniversary of their wedding-day; that is, quite at the close of the Season.

A Reminiscence. Twenty-nine years ago this July, King Edward and Queen Alexandra acted as host and hostess at the most splendid Royal entertainment given during the whole of the last century. Fancy-dress was worn, and there is something pathetic in the thought that Lord Colville of Culross, his fine form showing to advantage the splendid costume of a Cavalier, received and marshalled the guests. The Prince of Wales, with rare courage, appeared as Charles I., his dress being copied from a famous Vandyck; the beautiful Princess of Wales wore a Venetian costume.

*A Lucky Dog
Indeed!*

The Queen's love of animals is well known. Her Majesty has been indefatigable in trying to promote the health, happiness, and comfort of those among man's friends whose owners are too apt to consider rather the glory of their own triumph than the happiness of their pets at Dog Shows. Her Majesty's own dogs are constantly exhibited, but everything is done to ensure their perfect comfort during the trying period, and when going round one of the great shows which are now as much social functions as a ducal garden-party or a fashionable bazaar the Queen never fails to notice every detail of the arrangements. A pretty scene took place when "Leo," the famous collecting-dog, was formally introduced to Her Gracious Majesty by his proud owner.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM THE COLLECTING-DOG "LEO" AT THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION SHOW, JUNE 27.

Photograph by A. H. Salmon, Addington Grove, Sidcup.

A Stranger Among the Lords.

The Marquis Townshend, who recently succeeded to the title, took his seat on the Liberal side in the House of Lords last week, with Lord Tweedmouth as his guide and friend. Scarcely anyone knew him, and he looked uncomfortably shy, sitting on the edge of the bench. He was relieved when Lord Tweedmouth beckoned him out again. They reappeared in the railed-off space in front of the throne, where the Marquis was introduced by his sponsor to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. There he sat for some time as if he were only a visitor. Very few Marquises are found among the Liberals, and, accordingly, Lord Townshend's accession to the Party will be highly appreciated. He is a nephew of the Duke of Fife.

A Popular Baronet. Major—now Sir Frederick—Rasch is a favourite in the House of Commons. He advocates and delivers short speeches. His manner is caustic, and he spares no side and has no respect for Cabinet Ministers. Sir Frederick Rasch is, indeed, one of the few members who never make a speech without saying something which is worth hearing. He affects diffidence as an agricultural spokesman, but his style is keen enough to do credit to the sharpest-witted constituency—and, perhaps, that is the constituency which he represents in Essex.

Mr. Chamberlain's Scheme.

While the House of Commons has been formally discussing the Irish Land Bill, most of its members have recently taken no interest in any subject except Mr. Chamberlain's new policy. Retaliation, preferential tariffs, food-taxes have been in the mouths and minds of all men in the Lobby, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's movements have been watched in the most minute manner. Lord Goschen and he have been consulting together a great deal, and both look vigorous and resolute enough for any amount of Parliamentary and platform work, though Sir Michael's face is always very sombre. Certainly he has not tried to win converts by a bending and gracious manner. A large number of Unionist members continue to sit on the "Inquiry" fence, but gradually the

Party is dividing itself into sections for or against Mr. Chamberlain. The Prime Minister has become almost an ornamental figure.

Tennis and Tea. Tennis is now nearly as popular an institution as is afternoon-tea, and the two may be enjoyed to perfection at Wimbledon, the pretty and one-time old-world suburb which boasts of one of the best tennis-grounds in the world. The biggest tournament of the year has just taken place there, and enthusiasts from every part of the Empire were present. Of course, there are few tennis-courts in the proper sense of the word; still, the great game, as our ancestors understood the term "tennis," may be played in perfection at Hampton Court, and also at the Duke and Duchess of Fife's charming country home, Sheen Lodge. His Majesty's eldest son-in-law is a brilliant player of old tennis, and despairs the later forms of the game.

A Meredithian Utterance.

Mr. George Meredith, the news of whose serious illness saddened a very large circle late last week, reassured his friends by a typical Meredithian utterance, which set forth that what he suffered from was not lack of consciousness, but too much consciousness—in other words, insomnia. The creator of "Diana of the Crossways" and of "Rhoda Fleming" dwells in a modest cottage situated on a slope of Box Hill and little more than a stone's-throw from that resort of modern motorists and honeymooners, Burford Bridge. Mr. Meredith's house is a few yards off the high-road, set in a pretty but far from large garden, in which, of course, the most interesting object is the châlet where all his later works have been written. From the windows of Mr. Meredith's work-room the novelist sees a noble stretch of Surrey country, and in the immediate foreground a down on which each Saturday and Sunday afternoon the boys of the neighbourhood play cricket—the game which

may truly hail him as its most remarkable delineator. Dorking both in the past and in the present has many literary associations, but none, we may be sure, that are ever likely to rival in interest the fact that it has been for long the home of the great writer whose mental vigour is still so obviously unimpaired.

The King's Canon. It is said that the King and Queen are delighted at the Bishop of Stepney's decision to remain a Canon of St. Paul's. It is a considerable sacrifice of income, for the rich Rectory of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, which the Bishop thus gives up, is worth three or four times the thousand a-year attached to each Canonry of St. Paul's. Dr. Lang, who is not yet forty, is, curiously enough, a son of the Presbyterian Principal of Aberdeen University, ex-Moderator of the Church of Scotland. He has always been a favourite at Court, and it is said that the only fault the late Queen could ever find with him was that he persisted in remaining a bachelor, in spite of her frequent suggestions that he should change his condition. In the present reign he has been the channel of communication between the Chapter of the great Metropolitan Cathedral and the Court, and to him in large measure is due the smooth arrangements of the several great services which have been held at St. Paul's.

President Roosevelt and Count Cassini. President Roosevelt's determination to present to the Russian Government the protest of American Jews against the Kishineff atrocities has been received with consternation. Not only is St. Petersburg seriously perturbed, but diplomats are said to be wondering uneasily what will happen next. Every endeavour, be it straight or crooked, is being

used to keep the President from following his original intention; even Mr. Hay and the Diplomatic Corps are said to be taking part in the righteous endeavour to dam the flow of popular indignation. Count Cassini has sought the aid of the News Agencies to express his pained surprise and the indignation of his Government. Threats are not wanting. If the remonstrance is presented it will not be received; Count Cassini

will be withdrawn from Washington; there will be no end of trouble. When the Russian bear, like that other bear of Macaulay's lay, is "growling mid bones and blood," it does not readily brook interference. But the President's action will appeal to civilised men all the world over, so they be not diplomats, and an extra laurel will be added to the American wreath when the States give expression to the disgust that more timorous nations are content to feel. As for diplomatic ruptures, it is clear that America wants nothing from Russia, whose dealings in Manchuria have revealed her duplicity very clearly to the rank-and-file of the American people. Count Cassini is going to Europe to see his master, the Czar, at St. Petersburg, and it is possible that he will not return to Washington at all.

King Peter's Romance.

As is well known, the new King of Servia married Princess Zorka, the eldest daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, and his supporters in Germany are now spreading a story of his marriage which is more romantic than exact. Peter Karageorgevitch served as a volunteer with the Montenegrins during the Turkish War, and towards the end of the struggle the Turks captured Prince Nicholas's camp and carried off his daughter. Peter at once got together his followers and started in pursuit. Coming up with the Turks, he attacked them with the greatest fury, and with his own hand slew the soldiers who were carrying off the Princess. The Prince of Montenegro, delighted at the rescue of his daughter, asked the gallant Peter how he could reward him, but Zorka, throwing herself into her father's arms, exclaimed, "Father, let me be his reward!" Princess Zorka had before that hardly known Peter Karageorgevitch, but his desperate valour had made her fall violently in love with him, like a Princess in a fairy-tale. The story is such a pretty one that it is a great pity it has so very small a foundation in fact.



THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT AT WIMBLEDON: TEA ON THE LAWN.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Wimbledon.

A Freak of the Camera.

Though, as is well known, Canon Knox-Little is a devout believer in ghosts, and has even seen the wraith of a departed predecessor in the cloisters of Worcester Cathedral, he will doubtless be surprised to behold the accompanying picture. Some weeks ago *The Sketch* photographers had the privilege of taking a number of pictures of the Canon, which were duly published in these pages in the form of an illustrated interview. In the course of operations, this curious freak was evolved by the camera.



CANON KNOX-LITTLE AND HIS SECOND SELF: A FREAK OF THE CAMERA.

foliage. On the north lie the wide stretches of Salisbury Plain, on the south the waters of the English Channel, on the east gently undulating land, and on the west the wild Forest scenery, together forming a combination of charming views.

It need hardly be said that "Malwood" is furnished with excellent taste, perhaps the most notable feature being the library. Here Blue-books abound, for Sir William takes a lively interest in all sections of politics, home and foreign; but general literature is also well represented, and the distinguished statesman, it is said, often seeks relaxation in a good novel. The grounds are not large, being only some three acres in extent, but they are well laid out and contain a building in which a sort of "happy family" of birds are accommodated. Within about half-a-mile from the house stands a model farm of fourteen acres which Sir William holds on lease from the Crown.

Lord Curzon in India.

It is clear that Lord Curzon is not to finish his work in India without reproach. An anonymous scribe has attacked the Indian administration in a book issued by Fisher Unwin, and suppressed in India. While it is obvious to all thinking men that there are grave flaws in the administration, it is not easy to see how far Lord Curzon may fairly be held responsible for them. Moses himself could hardly give India a perfect administration while famine and plague, together with native ignorance and prejudice, have to be encountered. Many men who speak from experience have great praise for the Viceroy's work, and wish to see him retained in his place. It is one of the faults of inexperience to believe that a country can be ruled by doing everything that seems right and nothing that seems wrong, but it should be clear to the author of the attack upon Lord Curzon that it is far easier to fall foul of the administration of all Indian matters than to grapple with the smallest of the problems effectively. Many good judges of men and politics believe that Lord Curzon is destined to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and that he may even be Prime Minister. His experience of the Far Eastern questions that are destined to play so large a part in the history of the next decade

is profound, and his health is said to be considerably improved. If the author of the attack upon Lord Curzon's administration had chosen to write about the good work done by the Viceroy, he could have written a bigger volume.

A Patriotic Bandmaster.

In another part of this issue appears a "Photographic Interview" with Mr. J. Mackenzie Rogan, Senior Bandmaster of His Majesty's Brigade of Guards. It is worth noting that Mr. Rogan, while he has made his band one of the finest bodies of military musicians in the world, has also done not a little to popularise purely British music. Not so long ago, most of the instrumentalists in our regimental bands were foreigners and many of the Bandmasters were imported from Germany. Kneller Hall has changed all that; but even now a glance down the list of names in almost any music-programme shows that those of foreign composers largely predominate. Mr. Rogan not only includes the compositions of his fellow-countrymen in most of his arrangements, but at times he plays whole programmes of music by British composers, and for his praiseworthy zeal in this direction he has received many letters of thanks from the highest musical authorities.

The New Hungarian Premier.

Count Kuehn-Hedervary, the new Hungarian Premier, was born in 1849, his father being Count Kuehn de Balassy, a noble of German descent, who owned large estates in Sclavonia, and took the additional name of Hedervary when he inherited the magnificent estate of Hedervary from the last Count Vicsayi and thus became a Hungarian and Croatian magnate. The present Count entered the Hungarian Parliament at the age of twenty-six as a Liberal, but quitted the Party at the time of the great secession under Koloman Tisza in 1878. In 1882 Tisza made him Prefect of Raab, and in that position he showed such great administrative powers that when the disturbances began at Agram he was appointed Ban of Croatia. It was also Count Tisza who recommended him to the Emperor as Prime Minister.

Mdlle. Lucie Faure. Mdlle. Lucie Faure, the daughter of the late President of the Republic, is engaged to be married to M. Georges Goyau, a well-known writer on historic subjects in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Mdlle. Faure—or Mdlle. Félix-Faure rather, for since his death the family have hyphenated the name of the defunct President—is herself well known as a writer of very graceful verse, and also published, some time since, her father's memoirs. She is extremely charitable and is at the head of several institutions bent on bettering the lots of her fellow beings. The marriage of M. Goyau and Mdlle. Lucie Félix-Faure will in all likelihood take place early in the autumn.

In a Roman Prison.

Imprisonment in Rome would not appear to have many terrors for noble Romans. A few days since, one of the Noble Guard, Count Antonio Pietromarchi, excused himself upon a plea of illness from his duty at the Vatican, and went off for an automobile trip with friends. Unfortunately the car which he was driving had a spill, and the accident was mentioned in the Roman papers. Trouble for Count Antonio naturally followed, and he was shut up for a week in the Vatican Prison. A few days later he invited a number of his friends to tea in prison, and, this becoming known, Count Antonio Pietromarchi was dismissed from the Guard.



"MALWOOD," SIR WILLIAM HAROURT'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE NEAR LYNDHURST, IN THE NEW FOREST.
Photograph by Ranger, Bournemouth.

Queen Helena and France. The reason why the Queen of Italy gave up her projected visit to Paris with the King is that she expects an addition to her family soon after Christmas, and, as the King and Queen are naturally very anxious for a son and heir, the doctors advised her not to undergo the fatigue which a State visit to Paris would inevitably involve, and recommended her to pass the summer quietly. At first there was some talk of the Queen going to the little seaside village on the shores of the Mediterranean to which she and the King go for rest and repose, but then it was decided that she had better go to Venice for three weeks or so, and consequently the Queen and her ladies are now occupying the Royal Palace in the "Queen of the Adriatic."

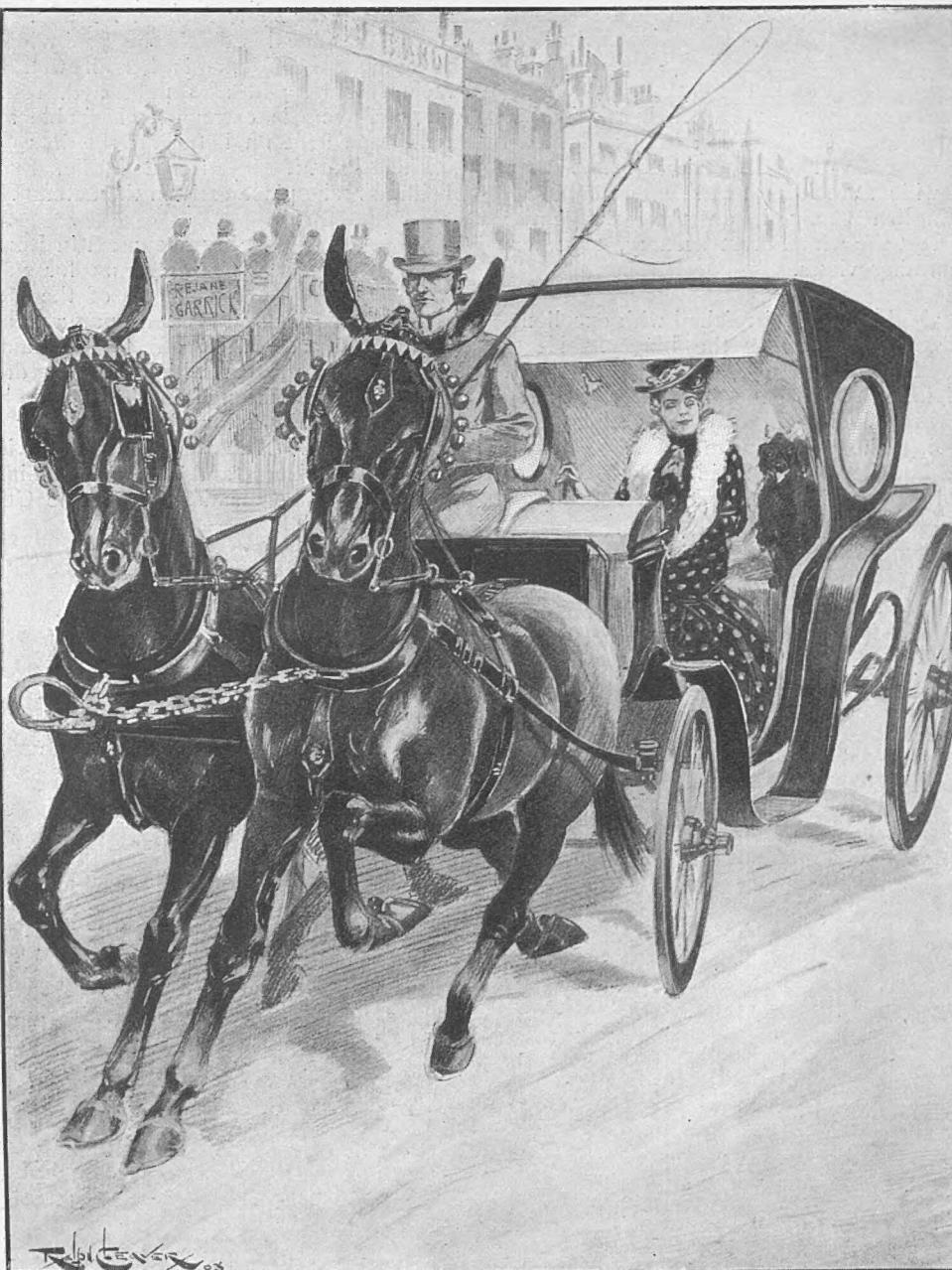
Windsor Castle and Versailles. When M. Bonnat, the celebrated French artist, paid the King a visit at Windsor Castle, the other day, the King showed his guest over the Castle in person, and pointed out to him the artistic treasures of which the Palace is so full. Some of the most valuable pieces of furniture are in the smoking-room, and among them is a magnificent Louis XV. cabinet, with carvings by Caffieri, which the King said had come from Versailles. After Louis XVI. had been put to death, the Republicans sold the furniture of the Royal Palaces, and George III. sent his French cook to Paris and bought the cabinet and two other pieces of furniture for a very small sum. The three articles are now in the smoking-room of Windsor Castle.

Madame Réjane, whose season at the Garrick is nearing its close, is more cosmopolitan than most of her fellow-country women. Though her tastes incline to home-life and she takes more pleasure in the society of her children than in her histrionic triumphs, the brilliant French actress has made many highly successful artistic journeys. Her first foreign tour was in the United States, and, in addition to this and her visits to England and Ireland, she has performed in Spain and Portugal. In both these countries she received a most enthusiastic welcome, and the Spanish Queen-Regent and the Queen of Portugal loaded her with gifts. Madame Réjane's fine mules, which accompany her on all her journeys, were presented to her by the King of Portugal. They are of the purest Andalusian breed and stand nearly fifteen hands high.



MISS LEONORA GRIEVE, PLAYING MAISIE IN
"THE MESSENGER BOY" ON TOUR.

Photograph by Sarony, Scarborough.



PARIS IN LONDON: MADAME RÉJANE DRIVING DOWN PICCADILLY IN HER MULE-CARRIAGE.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.

French Colonial Policy.

In connection with President Loueb's visit to London

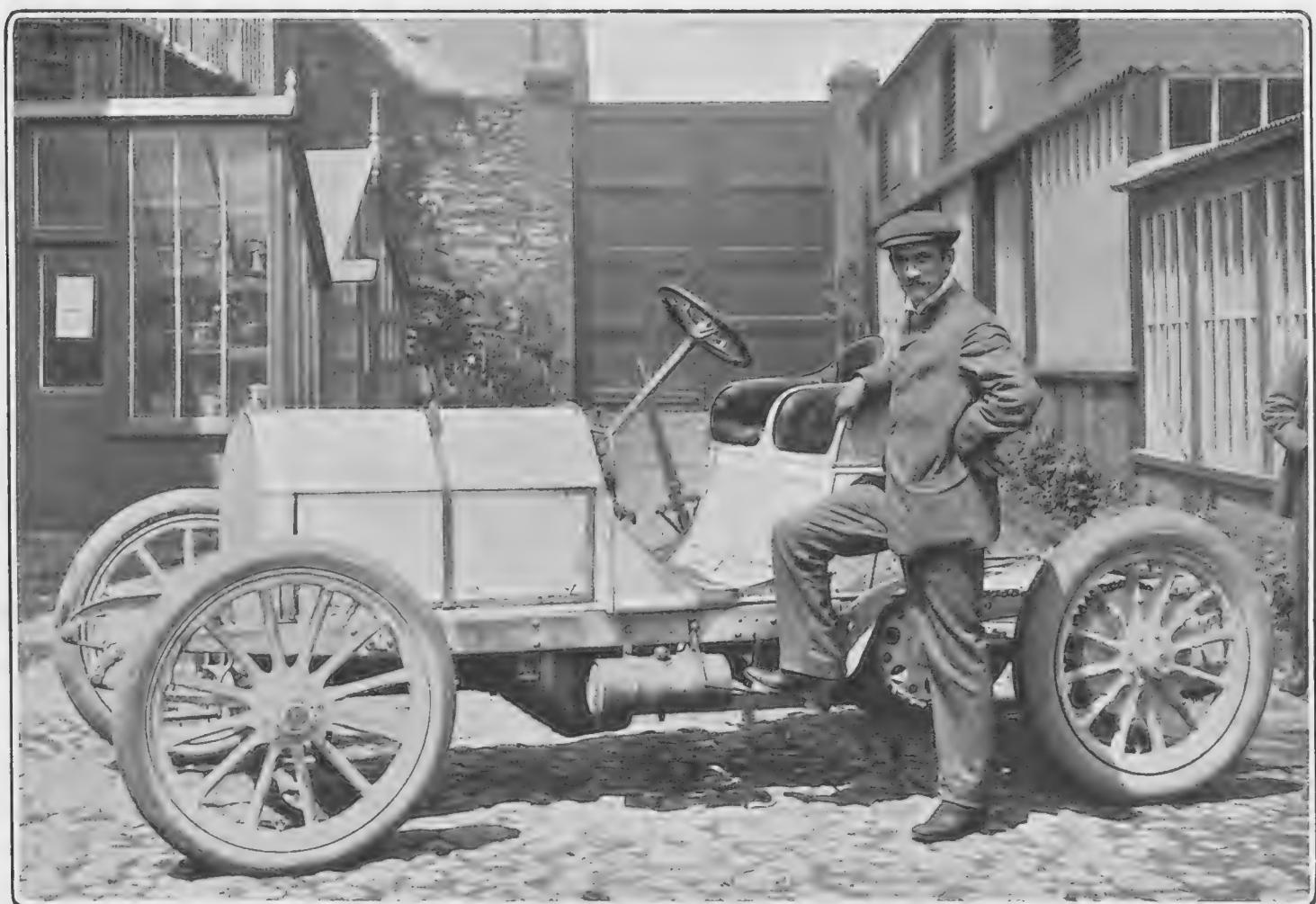
and the presence of M. Delcassé in this Capital at the same time, it is reasonable to suppose that there is a little business as well as pleasure in the programme. Morocco will surely have been discussed before these lines are in print. M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador to London, knows all about French Colonial policy and North African developments, for he was sent to Tunis the year after France took definite possession of the country, and he stayed there for some years, until all the honours of the Diplomatic Service and the opportunities the occasion could offer were exhausted. His subsequent residence in Constantinople did nothing to impair M. Cambon's interest in the work of the Colonial Party, and there is no Minister in the service of the Republic better able to help the work that M. Etienne is doing. Events in Morocco have moved so rapidly in the past few months that we may be prepared to see some further development arising out of the visit of the President and M. Delcassé—some crystallisation of the rumours that have been occupying the retailers of gossip these many years.

People who study the South African labour question may be interested in a letter just received from a gentleman who has extensive interests in the Transvaal and Rhodesia. He begins by saying that Chinamen will not be welcomed in South Africa, though Japs would undoubtedly be received better. Then he goes on to say that, in his opinion, the hut-tax of the Kaffir should be abolished, and that all boys should become Government apprentices between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one. "Instead of idling in the kraal, he would be bound to serve in mines or on farms or in houses for the four years at a fixed wage, half paid during the time, the rest retained and given to him at the end of his service. In this way he would come among white people and be taught to work at the period of his life when he yields best to good influences, and at the end of his four years he would have the wherewithal to buy a wife and settle down. This would be no worse than the compulsory military service to which all Europe submits quite readily, and would save South Africa from the phases of the native question that give so much trouble in America." The writer is a politician as well as a financier, and knows his subject well.

Art in Rome. The King of Italy paid a lengthy visit (writes a correspondent in Rome) to the studio of the celebrated sculptor, Signor Zocchi, who has completed a splendid statue of Czar Alexander II. The Czar is represented as riding on horseback, holding the reins in his left hand, while in his right hand hangs down the Proclamation which announces the inevitability of war and the necessity of calling upon his sister peoples for assistance. Around the lofty pedestal are portrayed the soldiers and populace in a frenzy of excitement—Russians, Circassians, Bulgarians, citizens, peasants, women, and children. At their head is Grand Duke Nicholas, at the side are Skobelev and Gurko. The statue is five mètres in height, the Grand Duke and the Generals standing two mètres high; the whole monument measures sixteen mètres. All the figures of persons are, if anything, larger than life-size. Signor Zocchi was selected in the international competition to execute this work, which was to be the expression of the gratitude of the Bulgarian nation to the Czar named "The Liberator." His Majesty King Victor Emmanuel spoke in the greatest praise of this excellent work of art. The studio

of Messrs. Harrison and Maude), in aid of the funds of the House of Shelter at Bagally Street, Burdett Road, Mile End, a new and original farcical comedy expressly written by Messrs. Alexander Yorke and Russell Vann. This new play is entitled "Love Me, Love My Dog." That these authors intend to be nothing if not caninely realistic is shown by the fact that their principal characters are respectively named the Earl of Muzzleton, Sir John Rover, Lurcher (the name of the low-comedy character in "Dorothy"), and even, if you please, the Hon. Cecil Le Terrier! This last name is reminiscent of that terribly anti-aristocratic poem by the late Robert Brough, father of that brilliant actress, Miss Fanny Brough, wherein that audacious bard spake of one "sad dog" concerning whom the powers that be "dock his tail and crop his ears, and tell him he's a terrier."

We are also to see, early in August, two new plays at the Pavilion, or "Drury Lane of the East," dramas respectively named "A Past Redeemed" and "Under the Canopy" (a Jewish drama), both by



THE GORDON BENNETT RACE: BARON DE CATERS WITH HIS DAIMLER MERCEDES CAR.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

was thrown open to members of the ordinary public on the two days following that of the King's visit.

The Monument to Leo XIII. This week the first stone was laid of the monument to the Pope called the "International Operatives' Monument to Leo XIII." The monument consists of the statue of a workman lifting his eyes towards the Cross, which he is holding in his right hand and on the arm of which is the inscription, "In hoc signo vinces." It is over three mètres high and rises up from a base of red-and-white granite. The name of the sculptor is Annibale Monti.

Theatrical Notes. The next really great Shaksperian performance due in London is, of course, the wonderful "star" performance of "The Merchant of Venice" to be given at Drury Lane next Tuesday (the 14th inst.), when Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Evelyn Millard, Miss Lily Brayton, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Martin Harvey, Mr. H. B. Irving, and, indeed, every available leading actor and actress, will appear, either in speaking or thinking parts, in aid of the Actors' Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier will return to the Garrick next Monday, the 13th, in a revival of that charming comedy, "The Bishop's Move," pending the production of Mr. Haddon Chambers's new play, which still bears the name "A Golden Silence." At the Haymarket to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon there will be produced (by permission

Mr. James J. Hewson; Mr. Alfred C. Calmour's new "Dante" drama, which is then coming to the West-End; and a very apropos miniature melodrama which that intrepid variety-theatre actor, Mr. John Lawson, has written around the terrible motor disaster. Mr. Lawson's latest is called "Man Against Motor," and will include a highly realistic representation of what he calls "The Death Track."

Other new plays due for West-End production in the more or less near future include Mr. Hugh Morton's new farcical comedy, "Glittering-Gloria," which Mr. Frank Curzon will produce at Wyndham's Theatre, with that excellent comedian, Mr. James Welch, in the cast; an English version of "Le Secret de Polichinelle," also to be produced by Mr. Curzon at one of his fast-increasing number of theatres; Mr. Martin Harvey's production (happily before re-embarking for America) of a new seventeenth-century drama written by Mr. John Rutherford and (at present) entitled "The Breed of the Treshams"; Mr. Willard's first English production of Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker's play, "The Cardinal," at the St. James's; Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Ivan Caryll's two new fairy-plays, "The Dog Trainer" and "The Cherry Girl," at the Adelphi and the Vaudeville respectively; and Miss Marie Tempest's production (on her return from America next year) of Mr. Paul Kester's romantic drama, "When Knighthood was in Flower," at the Avenue. This theatre Mr. Frank Curzon will re-decorate and reconstruct in due course, transforming the now comfortless gallery into a cosy upper-circle and the plank-like pit-seats into plush pit-stalls.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS. With the tan of travel on their faces and some little knowledge of other languages than their own, Numa Bles and Lucien Boyer, the two Montmartre *chansonniers* who set out fourteen months ago to sing their way around the world, have come back. They have had many strange adventures, have been grilled in Indo-China and frozen in Canada, once narrowly escaped a lynching, once were all but drowned, and, altogether, look upon themselves as the most-travelled men in Paris now, for neither of them had been further than Asnières or Versailles at the utmost before they undertook their journey. They have come back strong Anglophiles and not a little astonished to find that their countrymen are far more Anglophilic than when they started. "The greatest people in the world," says Boyer, "but you want to own it all."

The twain are busy with a book on their experiences, which will be published shortly and include a song they sang on board the boat *en route* from Liverpool to Canada, where they were prominent in a concert upon Coronation Day. One chapter in the book, "Les Tremolos," is very funny. Boyer and Bles tired out no less than seven accompanists upon their journey, and they named them all Tremolo, I., II., III., and IV. respectively.

Madame Loubet's first garden-party at the Elysée last Wednesday was an immense success. The wife of the French President, though little known abroad, is one of the most charming hostesses of the French Capital, and whether in the lovely rooms and gardens of the Presidential home in Paris or in the Château de Rambouillet she is noted for the grace and charm of her receptions. Madame Loubet, who is a good deal younger than the President of the Republic, has the same delightful simplicity of manner which by the time that these lines are in print Londoners will be appreciating in her husband, and she has the great knack, too, of making folk at home. She also has the distinction of being one of the least-photographed Society women in the Ville Lumière, and makes great efforts to escape the snapshot fiend, so that the features of "the mother of the Third Republic," as her son Paul playfully insists on calling her, are very little known even in Paris, except to her friends.

BERLIN. The Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who have just celebrated their Diamond Jubilee, are extremely popular among their own subjects, but in Germany at large they enjoy the reputation of being decidedly particularist. Like the late Prince of Reuss, the Grand Duke is averse from too profuse displays of the Imperial bunting within his own dominions. He is, moreover, a great friend of the Cumberland family, and the annexation of Hanover to Prussia is a measure to which apparently he has never been able to accord an enthusiastic assent. Unfortunately, the festivities at Strelitz had to be restricted within very narrow limits, owing to the indifferent health of the

Grand Duke and Duchess. The occasion has served, however, for the resuscitation of some interesting anecdotes relating to their wedding on June 28, 1843. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in Buckingham Palace. Among the guests was King Ernst August of Hanover, who, however, appeared for the most part at the English Court merely as the Duke of Cumberland.

It was in consequence of this habit on the part of His Majesty that Queen Victoria gave orders that the Prince Consort should take rank at the ceremony above all the Royal Princes. King Ernst was irritated at this preference and insisted on his rights. He refused to append his signature as a witness to the marriage contract on observing that the Prince Consort had already signed it.

When the Royal Procession was about to proceed to the chambers where the general reception was to take place, King Ernst suddenly approached the Queen and seized her hand, with the intention of leading with her the procession. The Queen, astonished at this alteration of the programme, according to which the Prince Consort should have escorted her, begged the Hanoverian Sovereign to release her hand, but in vain. The King, indeed, clasped Her Majesty's hand with so tight a grip that a cry of pain escaped her, and she said, "You are hurting me dreadfully." To which King Ernst quietly replied, "I am sorry, but I cannot release you, for I know where I belong." He did then, in fact, lead the procession with the Queen. The marriage then solemnised has lasted for sixty years.

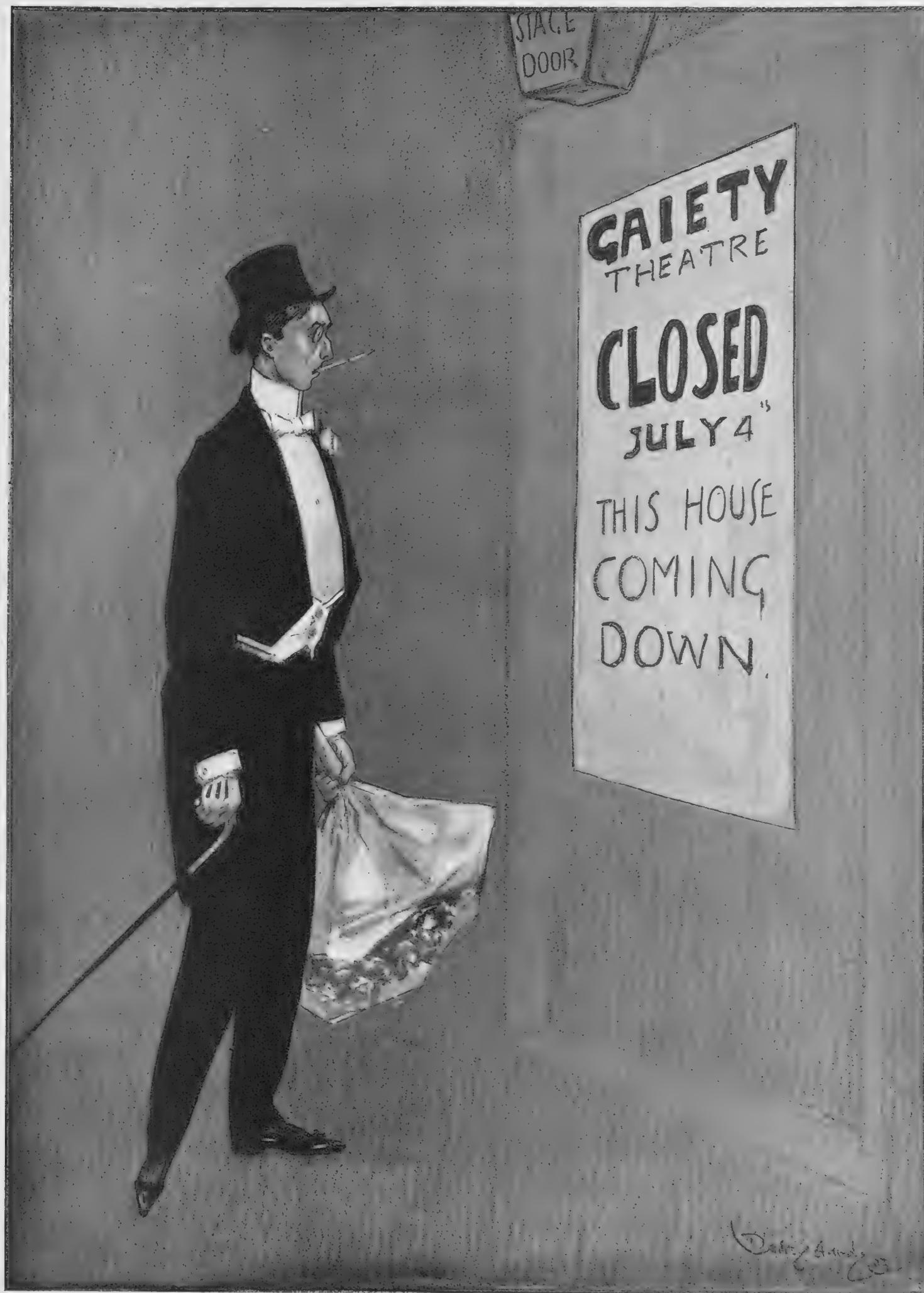
ROME. A magnificent scene was enacted this week at the Vatican: the Pope presented with the hat of office the new Cardinals who had been appointed on the day of the private consistory. The hall chosen for the function was, as always, the Sala Regia, which leads into the famous Sistine Chapel. The service, at which only those especially invited can be present, was very impressive and the procession of the Pope most striking. At eleven o'clock, a full hour later than had been notified on the cards of invitation,

the Pope entered, borne aloft on his Sedes Gestatoria, preceded by a large assembly of Cardinals all glorious in their scarlet robes, and by choirmen in costly lace surplices and Bishops in purple vestments. The Pope looked around him in every direction, and bestowed his blessing upon all with far greater ease, as far as the spectator could judge, than on the occasion of the Papal Jubilee on March 3. I was astonished to see how bright were his eyes and how animated his face. He was decidedly less pale than he was during the big function four months ago. The Cardinals prostrated themselves before him, the choir sang a portion of the service, and then the new Cardinals entered, bareheaded, in order to receive at His Holiness's hands the red Cardinal's hat. Previously to this the Pope made on the mouth of each the sign designating the right conferred by him to have a voice in the Council of Cardinals.



MDLLE. DOLLEY, A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG ACTRESS IN MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT'S COMPANY.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



BY E. F. S.

(“Monocle.”)

“PLUS QUE REINE,” “LORNA DOONE,” THE MASQUES, AND SOME FRENCH PLAYS.

THE dramatic critic of the *Daily Chronicle* has humorously and unkindly compared “Plus que Reine” with a worm, because of its power of surviving trenchant operations. Its head was cut off: it wriggled attractively; its head was restored and the tail removed: still it wriggled. Then a joint or Act was taken out of the middle and yet it survived; indeed, was even more lively in consequence. Truly M. Bergerat’s play is a “spectacle coupé.” Experience has shown that dramatists rarely produce noteworthy plays when dealing with the French Revolution, the Nihilists, and Napoleon, and though there have been notable exceptions, as a rule the pieces have not achieved the success which they have not deserved. “Plus que Reine” is better than most of such plays, and has had, and probably will still enjoy, more than the average success; yet even in cold weather one could not write enthusiastically concerning it, for it is essentially a thing of shreds and patches, and slavish to tradition. For tradition demands that the dramatist shall make the obviously vain attempt to present all aspects of the character of that prodigy—the most terrific figure of modern history—an artist might as well endeavour to paint all sides of a mountain in one picture. Tradition requires that Josephine shall be represented as an angelic martyr, which was by no means the case; that Napoleon’s sisters shall be introduced and have squabbles with her in which her wit proves triumphant; and that Talleyrand shall be brought on and let off fireworks which generally fizz out. M. Bergerat has been rather merciful, so far as Talleyrand is concerned, and the play—minus the tale—was not unduly long; there was force in several scenes, notably the one between Napoleon and Lucien, with a violent theatrical effect at the end. Moreover, Bernhardt had one excellent chance of showing her cajoling powers. It is difficult, however, not to be indignant at the conclusion, where Josephine puts on her crown and tries to butt down a wall or smash her head against it, and reappears with nasty splashes of red paint on her face; the effect was not even horrible, but rather ludicrous and somewhat disgusting, and the episode was quite needless. The author is skilful enough to have found a means of arriving at his conclusion legitimately. Decidedly our foreign friends have not given us any novelties of great value. Their Companies, too, have had what cricketers call a weak tail. Certainly in “Plus que Reine,” Bernhardt, though without a chance of showing her full powers, gave some scenes brilliantly. M. de Max is, I think, the best stage Napoleon I have seen, though others have looked more like the portraits and busts; he was particularly clever in giving the Corsican note and in the sudden outbursts. M. Desjardins was quite excellent in the part of Lucien.

We are promised a prodigious crop of adaptations, a fact that is not very welcome to those interested in real drama. Last week, “Lorna Doone,” which has enjoyed a remarkable immunity, served as foundation for a piece written by Miss Annie Hughes. Whilst recognising in it a certain amount of ability, one may say that she seems unlikely, as dramatist, to reach the great success attained by her as actress. A mere thought of the long novel, crowded with picturesque incident, is enough to convince one that no play could do justice to it, nor does it appear possible to translate its peculiar charm to the stage. Adaptations of this kind remind one of easy transcriptions for the pianoforte of great orchestral works or operas. I have heard an effort to reproduce on the Jew’s-harp the fire-music from “Die Walkyrie”; it was not quite successful. It is not altogether fair to suggest that the effort of Miss Hughes is on such a level, but a vigorous melodrama, with rather long-drawn love-scenes, does a good deal less than justice to Blackmore, though the work might very well serve in the country. The performance was respectable rather than brilliant. Mr. Hayden Coffin sang very agreeably, and so did Miss Lilian Eldée, and she acted ably as well. Perhaps the cleverest acting was that of Mr. Volpé as a stupid country oaf, and there was some merit in the work of the authoress and Mr. Lorraine and Mr. Tearle.

The Mermaid Society for the production of Old English plays started well with “Comus” and another masque at the Botanic Gardens, though I think it doubtful whether a masque should actually be regarded as a play; certainly few masques are really dramatic, and, while we had a delightful entertainment, we saw nothing effective as drama. “Comus” is a tract in splendid verse, but, regarded as a play, is unintentionally comic, and the Haddington masque, whilst a quite charming little fantasy, has no action. Yet I make no complaint concerning the choice. In the “Comus” we had, as it were, a noble edition of a poem rich in beauty. We were saved the trouble of reading, since it was delivered to us, and in most cases admirably; the binding

was a beautiful little spot in the gardens, with a lake convenient for the appearance of Sabrina; the illustrations were beautiful. What more can one ask? One thing, perhaps. For the music was a not wholly satisfactory feature: Music in the open air involves difficult questions. The steady raising of the pitch of music in this country is said to be due to the efforts of military bandsmen to get the brilliance of sound lost in the transfer of an orchestra from a building to the open air. Possibly the Mermaid orchestra would have served well indoors, but in the garden it was weak; there were moments when the voice of the conductor was more audible than the sound of the instruments. It must be remembered, too, that most modern ears are out of tune for the pretty music of Henry Lawes, and that, though positively charming, it is relatively weak. However, Mr. Roland Cunningham sang his songs excellently and spoke his lines admirably. The most delightful element in the performance was “the Lady” of Miss Tita Brand, who had already distinguished herself by her brilliant work in “Everyman.” A fine presence, great dignity and grace, a rich voice, and a superb elocution which enabled her to deliver the splendid if somewhat super-protestant lines perfectly, caused her to be quite delightful. Some day, perhaps, a manager of the ordinary theatres will discover her existence. Mr. Nigel Playfair was a vigorous Comus, though a little comic in make-up. A Gautier’s pen would be needed even to suggest the prettiness of the dances and revels and beauty of the approach of Sabrina’s barge across the lake. The Jonson masque has not the noble dignity of “Comus” nor the somewhat excessive Puritanism; indeed, it was written for a wedding and winds up with an epithalamium, and has a little note of healthy conjugalit a trifle frank, perhaps, to our over-squeamish ears. This element, of course, was toned down for the Botanic Gardens, and there was nothing uttered likely to make even a policeman blush. The Venus looked superb, the Graces were charming and spoke their lines very prettily, and Master Cupid, of whom they were in search, was capitally presented by Master Philip Tonge, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy his sport. I do not think that a reasonable pedant would object to the cuts that have been made. During this week the Society is to present Fletcher’s pastoral comedy, “The Faithful Shepherdess.”

It is with a sigh that one turns from thought of the charming open-air entertainment to the pieces in the theatres, the inevitably hot theatres and the decidedly “warm” French plays. “La Passerelle,” “Divorçons,” and “Sapho” have shown Réjane at her best, and French drama, to some extent, at its worst. Wit keeps “Divorçons” from putrefaction; that is the best one can say. Réjane as Cyprienne is irresistibly comic, and so, too, was Chaumont in bygone days, though the styles were different, largely because taste in, or rather, for style of acting has changed. “La Passerelle” shows how clever was its treatment in “The Marriage of Kitty.” The brilliance of Réjane’s acting as Jacqueline makes one admire Miss Marie Tempest the more, not the less, for the approach she has made in a little time to the unapproachable. Miss Tempest’s progress has been one of the most notable features of our acting during the period since she abandoned the musical-comedy stage. “Sapho,” of course, has been chosen that one may make the comparison with Hading-Sapho and Bernhardt-Sapho, but I do not know why we should be drawn into it. All three are wonderful and, of course, none of them can make a palace out of a pig-sty and cause one to forget that we have already had a nauseous piece *ad nauseam*. The one comfort is that the competition has kept us clear of “Zaza,” which is an even worse work. The brightest remembrance of the French Season will, I think, be the “Andromaque” and the “Phèdre.” One could well endure a competition in such plays. Perhaps the other ladies think that the comparisons would not be comforting, and that Bernhardt, despite the appalling wear-and-tear for dozens of years on her voice, would come out triumphant. I think so. Her Phèdre is an absolutely great piece of acting in the most exacting domain of the actor’s art. Purists complain of some departure from traditions, some modernising of method; but one must recollect that the actress has to create her effect on the audience actually before her—that there is no absolute method. Her great predecessors in the part would fail to hold the house if acting in the style of their days.

Those who have not seen her Phèdre will have missed a piece of work that does more to justify the claims of the players to recognition as creative artists than any individual performance with which I am acquainted. The new farce called “The Crammers” I have not space to deal with this week, during which there have been novel—if not exactly new—“shows” by the dozen.

JULY 8, 1903

THE SKETCH.

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"A RIVERSIDE MELODY."

DRAWN BY LEONARD LINDSELL.

PRESIDENT LOUBET:

HIS ROMANTIC CAREER—LIFE IN THE COUNTRY—AND IN PARIS

IN the romance of history there are few more curious and, from a Republican point of view, symbolic careers than that of the man whom Londoners, headed by their Sovereign, are now entertaining in the Capital of our Empire. By a curious irony of fate, the first Chief Magistrate of France to visit this country as her honoured

guest is also the first peasant ever elected to his present high office.

There are some who would fain trace back the President's ancestry to Ireland, where the name "Loubett" has always been a fairly common one. But M. Loubet's ancestry is lost in the mist of ages, for all that he himself knows is that he was born some sixty-five years ago at Marsanne, near the charming little town famed for that delicious sweet, Nougat, and within a very short distance of Grignan, the noble castle from where many of Madame de Sévigné's most fascinating Letters were written. M. Loubet's parents, an admirable

couple, were thrifty and well-to-do peasants. As most people are aware, his aged mother still lives, adored by her son, who spends with her, near the farm which saw his birth, his brief holidays. Madame Loubet *mère*, as she is always called, in order to distinguish her from the cheerful, buxom lady who bears so gracefully the proud title of "Madame la Présidente," is still hale and vigorous, though not far from ninety, and M. Loubet's relations with her supply to the French people that touch of romance which makes the whole world kin.

The President of the French Republic has remained in close touch with his old fellow-citizens; he never forgets the fact that his first official position was that of Mayor of Montélimar. Even when in the

first flush of success—for by dint of hard work and scholarships he early became a barrister—he chose his wife among his own people; she was the daughter of a prosperous ironmonger of Montélimar, and her brother still presides over the shop where the President courted Mdlle. Marie Picard. His fellow-townsmen have only good to say of M. Loubet, and he is habitually styled "Ce brave Emile." Whenever he can do so, he goes "home," receiving a most impressive reception, and the story goes that, when spending a few days at the castle he has recently bought near Marsanne, nothing pleases him better than to help his mother in her management of the farm.

The Elysée Palace fully lives up to its quaint mythological name, and those British visitors to Paris who see only the stately pile of buildings from the street—that is, from the Faubourg St. Honoré—have no idea of the real splendour and charm both of the interior and of the garden side, for the grounds extend to the Champs-Elysées and are even more spacious than those of the adjacent British Embassy.

The President's official rooms are on the ground-floor, his study being close to the famous Salon des Souverains, a fine hall containing portraits of all the reigning Sovereigns of 1859, including a very charming counterfeit presentation of Queen Victoria. Close to the Presidential study also is the curiously named Salon de l'Hémicycle, where Napoleon I. at one time slept. M. Loubet's rooms overlook the gardens, and communicate by a small staircase with the modest suite of apartments which are, in a real sense, the President's home, and where only very intimate friends ever penetrate. There, when not entertaining, M. and Madame Loubet begin their day with a simple lunch, often shared by one of their children. Of the three young people, the daughter has now been married some years; she is the wife of a Judge of the Civil Tribunal of Marseilles. The President's grown-up son is a somewhat learned barrister, and the Benjamin of the family is a little boy now some ten or twelve years old.

Last year, President Loubet paid a memorable visit to Russia; there he was entertained with the most extraordinary splendour by the Emperor and Empress, being given the suite of rooms in the Palace of Tzarkoe Selo formerly used by that Empress who was wife to Paul.

M. Loubet has always been on the friendliest terms with the British Royal Family. He on more than one occasion went out of his way to show special courtesy to our late beloved Sovereign, and it was greatly owing to his personal efforts that the King's recent visit to Paris was so brilliant and unclouded a success. The President's relations with the British Embassy have also always been particularly pleasant, and he is said to have received with great cordiality the suggestion that he should pay an official visit to London. Considering how often Madame Loubet has entertained members of our Royal Family at the Elysée, it seems a pity that she has not accompanied her distinguished husband to England, but she is a typical Frenchwoman and seems to have no ambitions beyond her home and intimate circle.



PRESIDENT LOUBET.

Photograph by Gerschel, Paris.

YORK HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S PALACE, WHERE PRESIDENT LOUBET IS NOW STAYING.

Photograph by H. N. King, London.

FROM FARM-HOUSE TO ÉLYSÉE: PRESIDENT LOUBET'S TWO HOMES.



"LA BERASSE," THE FARM-HOUSE IN WHICH M. LOUBET WAS BORN.



THE ÉLYSÉE, PARIS, PRESIDENT LOUBET'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

MR. J. MACKENZIE ROGAN,

SENIOR BANDMASTER OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS

MR. J. MACKENZIE ROGAN, by reason of his position, has, without doubt, more official musical work to do than any other Bandmaster in the country. Whenever the massed Bands of the Brigade of Guards are called upon to play together, he always has to draw up the programmes and submit them for approval in the higher quarters—sometimes in the highest, for on special occasions, as, for instance, at the recent celebration of His Majesty's birthday and when programmes are played at Buckingham Palace either for dinner or at the daily guard-mounting which takes place there when the King is in residence, the programmes are approved by the King himself.

Indeed, the well-known personal interest shown by His Majesty in music generally is no greater than his interest in military music, and has done not a little to foster the very marked advance which has undoubtedly taken place in the latter department of art. This interest His Majesty likewise showed during the time he was Prince of Wales, though, naturally, since his accession he has been able to make his personal influence even more felt. In the old days, comic and Italian opera formed the staple selections of the Military Bands. Now, however, the symphonies of the old Masters, the rhapsodies of Liszt, the waltzes of Chopin, to say nothing of Wagner and the more modern composers, are freely drawn upon for the purpose. Simultaneously with the improvement in the class of music, there has been a no less noteworthy improvement in the standard of playing in the Bands, and without this the admirable result noted could never have been achieved. In both the advance of musical taste and execution the Coldstreamers have unquestionably wielded a considerable influence. They justly claim to be one of the pioneer Bands of the British Army in every sense of the word. Over a century and a-quarter ago—since 1773, to be accurate—there was such a Band. Nowadays, it never is quartered out of London, though during the occupation of Paris by the Allies in 1815 it was ordered to the City of Light and was actually quartered there for a period of six months with the 2nd Battalion, which was stationed in the French Capital. Since then, the Band, in common with all other Military Bands, has increased in numbers, and its authorised establishment is now sixty-six performers. This includes three Band-sergeants, three Band-corporals, and a proportion of Lance-corporals.

Like so many other well-known conductors and musicians, Mr. Rogan began his career as a choir-boy, singing with a fine soprano voice, so that he was always entrusted with the solos. Then, at an early age, he joined the 11th Foot, now the Devonshire Regiment, as a musician, playing the clarionet, though now it need hardly be said, as Bandmaster he has a mastery of every instrument in the Military Band.

Soon after joining, in 1867, he was ordered with his regiment to South Africa, where he remained three years, subsequently serving with it in various stations in the United Kingdom and India, and in March 1882 he was appointed Bandmaster of the 2nd Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment), with which he was, again, associated for a long time, for he remained with it until 1896, when he received his present appointment, being chosen out of about a hundred and fifty candidates. After they had been weeded down to half-a-dozen, they had to submit Military Band scores of their compositions and arrangements, these being examined by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. During the seven years which have elapsed since he joined the Coldstream Guards, Mr. Rogan has received the cordial support of the Colonel and officers of the regiment, and without their aid it would have been practically impossible to bring the Band to the state of perfection which it now enjoys.

Mr. Rogan was with the "Queen's" throughout the Burmese Campaigns of 1885-87 and 1887-89, receiving a medal and two clasps for his services. In the musical arrangements for the Diamond Jubilee he

naturally took a prominent part, and in consideration of his services Queen Victoria conferred the Jubilee Silver Medal on him. A torchlight procession before the late Queen was, it will be remembered, one of the features of the occasion at Windsor. For the authorities of Eton College who organised it, Mr. Rogan arranged all the music and conducted the band and choir, numbering nearly twelve hundred people. So signal was his success that Dr. Warre, the head-master, and other authorities of the College presented him with testimonials. From Lord Roberts, too, when that idol of the British Army was Commander-in-Chief in India, Mr. Rogan, when with the "Queen's" in that country, received many warm encomiums, for he had to provide the music on several notable occasions.

The work of a Bandmaster in a Line regiment is often arduous, especially so in India, where it is difficult to keep the musicians up to a high standard, particularly when they are quartered in an unhealthy station. In his efforts to maintain this standard, Mr. Rogan was once the victim of a distinctly humorous incident. The big-drummer being

invalided, the Colonel allowed the Bandmaster to invite suitable men in the ranks to volunteer for the post. One man came forward and said he could already beat the drum, declaring, as he quaintly put it, "I can give her 'bossicks' with the left, but I can't touch her with the right." What he meant was that he was left-handed, and that his right hand was not very strong. Mr. Rogan asked him to put up the drum and march up and down with it. The man did, and so vigorously did he strive to prove that he could give her "bossicks" with the left" that by the time he had gone thirty or forty yards only one drum-head was left, and the regiment had no big drum for a month, until a new head could be obtained from Calcutta.

While in India, Mr. Rogan also had a Native Band, the members of which, under his tuition, got to play very well indeed and were able to perform at the Officers' Mess as well as in the Public Gardens. In the Gardens, one night, the programme included a selection from "Il Trovatore." In order to give a better effect, Mr. Rogan sent the man who had to play the cornet-solo in the "Miserere" scene into some shrubbery about a hundred yards from the Band. When the time came for the solo, there was no solo to be heard, and one of the other men in the Band had to take up the cue and play it. After the programme was over, the Havildar—who corresponds with our own Band-sergeant—and Mr. Rogan went to where they had posted the solo-cornet to see what

had happened. They found him, not "with his martial cloak around him," but sleeping the sleep of the overcome, with an empty bottle that had once been full of native liquor by his side, and, try as they did, they were unable to rouse him from his slumbers until next day. The shrubbery was near a native bazaar, and, knowing he had some time to wait, the man had gone off to comfort himself spirituously, if not spiritually, and had been overcome by the spirits.

Mr. Rogan is not content to be merely a Bandmaster. He aims at improving still more the music of the Military Bands. To this end, he has recently given, for the first time in the history of Military Bands, three lectures on Military Bands and Military Music at the Royal Academy of Music, and a similar number at the Royal United Service Institution, the last lecture of each of the series being illustrated by members of the Coldstream Band playing good and bad arrangements of Military Band music. The object of these lectures, one set of which was given at the invitation of the Principal of the Academy, was to bring the matter of Military Band music to the notice of the students, that they should write more for the Military Bands direct, and already they have begun to do so.

Mr. Rogan's enthusiasm for his art is, in fact, infectious, and the King has marked his appreciation of the work by bestowing the silver medal of the Royal Victorian Order on the Bandmaster whose music he has so often had occasion to admire.



MR. J. MACKENZIE ROGAN AND SOME OF HIS PRESENTATIONS.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

“THE SKETCH” PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XLIX.—MR. J. MACKENZIE ROGAN.



“FRIGHTENED? NOT A BIT.”



“I’M STILL QUITE FRESH. ARE YOU?”



“ONE MAY AS WELL COOL ONE’S BROW FOR A MOMENT.”



“YE-ES, I CERTAINLY APPRECIATE MUFTI IN THIS SORT OF WEATHER.”



“A LITTLE MUSIC WILL BRACE US UP BEFORE FACING THE NOONDAY GLARE.”



“LOOK SHARP! I’M NEARLY FRIZZLED.”



“I REALLY CAN’T STAND ANY LONGER.”



“EVEN THIS SORT OF ATTITUDE IS TRYING.”



“NO, YOU DON’T. I’VE LOCKED THE FRONT-DOOR.”

A PARLIAMENTARY LAMENT. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



II.

And yet, when others prate, I sigh
With envy, and I always shall, for
I know that, if I dared to, I
Could speak like Chamberlain or Balfour.

I might have been a Bowles, no doubt,
A Churchill, or another Asquith,
Instead of sitting still without
The courage to perform my task with;

But Fate's against me, for, at length,
I snapped my timorous soul's dominion,
And, filled with unaccustomed strength,
Distinctly voiced my own opinion:

To back the Irish Bill, I broke
My silence in a ringing Rad's tone,
And, stirred by something Russell spoke,
Observed "Hear, hear!" like any Gladstone;

And next day's papers quenched for aye
My proud ambition's flickering ember,
For, printing my opinion, they
Ascribed it to another Member!

I.

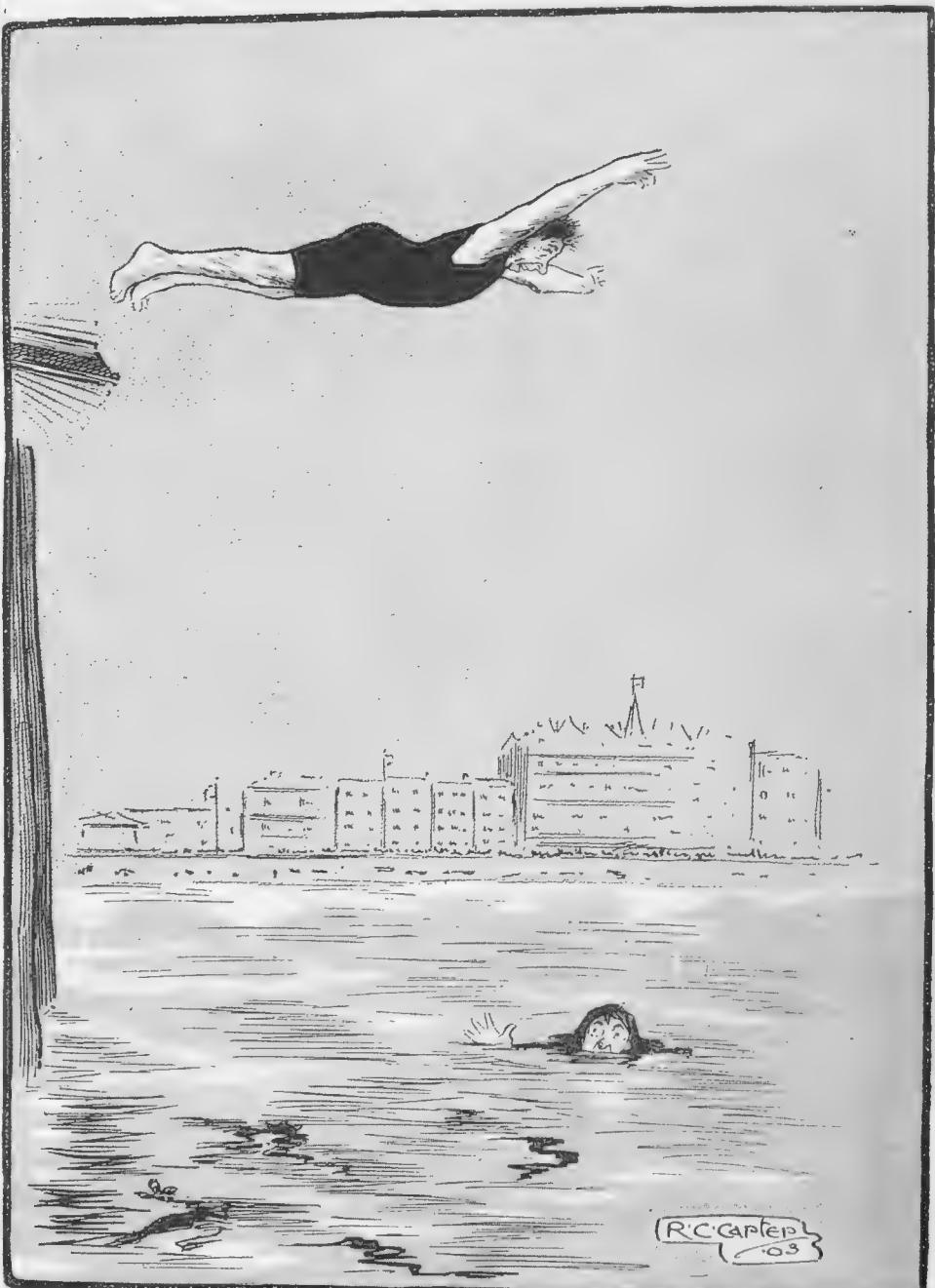
My friends, who knew my natural bent,
Expressed a wish to which I yielded:
They bade me enter Parliament
And rise to eminence (as Peel did).

They spoke of Palmerston, and dazed
My soul with stories of Disraeli;
They criticised my powers, and praised
My eloquence particularly.

They urged me warmly, "Go and sit
With Tory and with Democrat there,
Where Cobden once, and Bright and Pitt
Orated!" So I went, and sat there.

I've sat there now for several years;
My early dreams are growing dreamier;
I even yield to private fears
That I shall never rule as Premier.

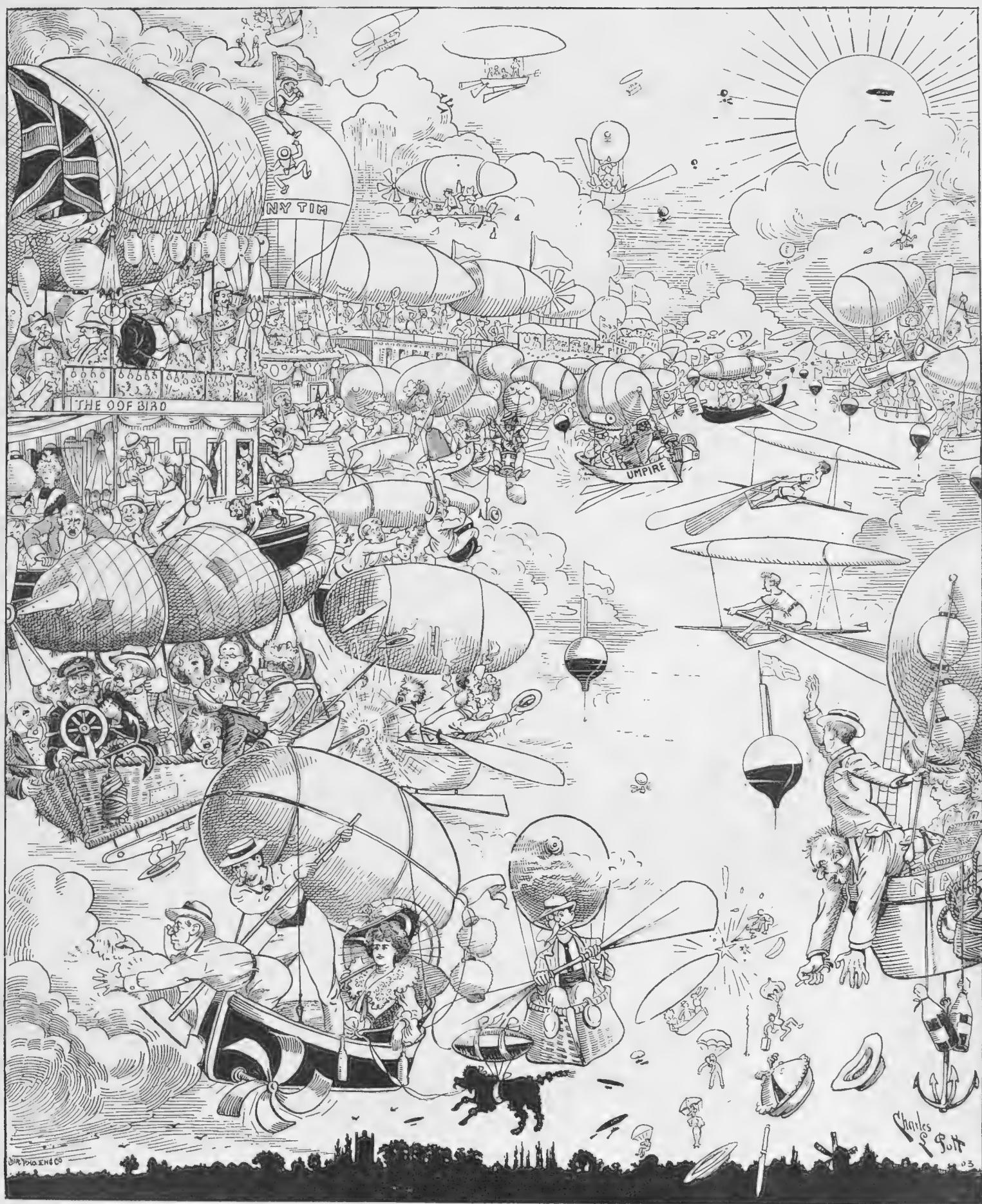
While others, neither meek nor dumb,
Have thundered many a long oration,
I've sat too shyly overcome
To give my thoughts articulation.



A SEASIDE TRAGEDY.

He (*falling*): Great Scott! I thought it was only a bit of sea-weed!

WHEN FLOODS WON'T MATTER.



THE HENLEY REGATTA OF THE FUTURE.

DRAWN BY CHARLES L. POTT.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON, the well-known novelist, has taken a flat at Munich, and proposes to reside for a considerable time in that city. Mrs. Atherton's popularity, both in this country and in America, has enormously increased in the last few years.

Professor C. H. Herford, of Manchester, is engaged on an edition of Ben Jonson for the Clarendon Press. An enterprise of this kind is worthy of the Clarendon Press, and no more thorough and capable scholar could be selected than Professor Herford. It is to be hoped that the series will include all the great Elizabethan dramatists. As yet we have, perhaps, no final edition of any among them.

Dr. William Barry, the author of "The New Antigone," has been somewhat out of health, and has gone for a few weeks' stay in Gastein. Dr. Barry has a new novel coming out this autumn and a long and important essay on criticism.

The new American edition of Montaigne is singularly attractive. The type is large and bold, modelled upon a type used by a fifteenth-century French engraver, and the design of the book in whole and in detail is conceived in the spirit of "The Golden Age of Friendship" printing. No pains nor expense have been spared on the editorial work, nor in the details of type, paper, binding, illustrations, and reproduction. Only two hundred and sixty-five copies are printed, of which there are but twenty-five available for this country. The present price for the three volumes is £27 net.

An old friend of Emerson's has published a pathetic and pleasant picture of Emerson in the days of his aphasia. Emerson was always a humourist in his way. For example, when a Second Advent Apostle tried to appal him with the assurance that the destruction by fire of the whole material world was immediately at hand, he said, "Well, I don't see why we shouldn't contrive to get on just about as well without it." The time came when Emerson had to get on with a limited part of the vocabulary of human speech. Then the native sweetness of Mr. Emerson's nature revealed itself at every turn. There was no trace of wounded pride or enforced resignation, and the intellect was as clear as ever. The writer says it was impossible not to admire the composure and genial patience of such a man as Emerson under such a trial—

He was giving me, for instance, an account of a recent visit to Montreal, and it was in this way he proceeded: "I was called on by the—by the— How do you name the principal personage of a city?" "The Mayor?" I suggested. "Yes, the Mayor! He came in an open barouche to take me the famous drive round the

Mountain. After a while, the—the—the— How do you call what stores up water till it is suddenly—suddenly—what shall I say?—not squeezed out?" "A sponge?" I said. "No, no!" with the sweetest of smiles and a sweeping motion of the hand up to the sky. "The clouds, perhaps?" "Yes, the clouds began to roll up and threaten rain. I had forgotten to take with me my—my—my— By the way, what is that people always borrow and never return?" "Umbrella?" "Yes, umbrella." And so on and on throughout the conversation. Perception, humour, vivid interest in persons and scenery, all were plainly on the alert within, but the word in which to embody these continually failed.

Mr. Watts-Dunton has given an interviewer some very interesting notes on the Gypsies. He signalises as the characteristics of the real

Gypsy—the pure Romany—frankness and simplicity. Once the dividing wall between a Gypsy and the outside world is broken through, these characteristics show themselves. Mr. Watts-Dunton says that Nature has divided not only mankind but the entire animal world into three families: those whom she has fitted to oppress, those whom she has fitted to resist oppression, and those whom she has fitted to fly away from it. Where the oppressed race has to save itself by craft, natural selection gives rise, and must give rise, to those crafty characteristics which are their only means of defence. This explains the prevailing misconception of Gypsies.

The Cambridge University Press is not to be outdone by the Clarendon Press. It is to publish a series of editions of classical English writers. The text will be given with scrupulous fidelity from (a) the last edition of each work as revised by the author, or (b) the first or most authentic posthumous edition. At present, no preface or notes other than purely textual and bibliographical are contemplated. The first issues are to be Hobbes's "Leviathan" and Crawford's Poems, to be edited by Mr. A. R. Waller. Dr. A. W. Ward is editing the early poems of Crabbe for the series. I do not

know how these principles will work... Suppose the editors reprint "Wuthering Heights," will they use the text as Emily Brontë left it or the text as Charlotte Brontë revised it? There are some books which ought to be edited not from the printed texts but from the manuscripts. For example, if Professor Norton had not re-edited Carlyle's Reminiscences, it would have been essential to go back to Carlyle's own manuscript. But the Cambridge Press will, no doubt, decide these perplexities wisely as they arise.

The late Cardinal Vaughan, though not himself accustomed to write, had an exalted idea of the power of journalism and was a great reader of newspapers. He was proprietor of the *Dublin Review* and the *Tablet*.

O. O.



"POPPING THE QUESTION."—X: THE BALLET STYLE.

FIVE NEW BOOKS.

"THE UNDERSONG."
By H. C. MACILWAINE.
(*Constable, 6s.*)

In "The Undersong" we again have the collection of short stories masquerading under a single title. Any irritation caused to those who prefer the novel by the momentary disappointment consequent upon the discovery of this fact will, however, speedily disappear before the excellence of the entertainment set before them. Mr. Macilwaine has the art of telling a story, and, while missing no detail of value to his work as an artistic whole, contrives to avoid that verbosity and that indirectness of narrative which so often cause the entanglement of essential points in a net of commonplaces. His volume has as its key-note, under varying conditions and in varying degree, the supremacy of Nature over man. Nature it is that tells Boillyerré Dharbai to seize his bride by force from her kinsmen after the manner of his tribe, that makes him kill her remorselessly for an act of infidelity, that sends him, pitiful and cringing Billy Dursey, to die in a prison-cell—a contrast in primeval and modern justice, the justice of savage black subdued by the justice of tutored white. So, in "A Microcosm of Empire," we have the bitter strife between Orangeman and Jacobite as ardent and as fierce in Tinker's Gully as it ever was in Ireland in the days of William and Mary; and so in "The Curse of Mungi," the story of a Montague and Capulet of the bush; in "Snag's Last Tramp," a powerful character-sketch of a swagsman; in "Jasper Townshend's Picaninny"; in "The Twilight Reef," a gruesome study of the gold-prospector and the gold-prospector's all-powerful enemy, thirst; and in "In Fear" we see Nature's seal set on the document of humanity. "A Miracle of To-day" is clever, but daringly unconventional, and out of keeping with its predecessors in the volume. Altogether, Mr. Macilwaine's stories—the majority of them of life in the Australian bush—are certain to enhance their author's reputation.

"SIR JULIAN THE APOSTATE."
By MRS. CLEMENT PARSONS.
(*Heinemann, 6s.*)

One is not wont to find in a first book—the sure touch of an experienced writer, and yet Mrs. Clement Parsons' novel is absolutely free from the amateurishness of a 'prentice-hand. Although the main theme may not be precisely new, the handling and characterisation are skilful enough to raise the story much above the average, and a tinge of melancholy which underlies it throughout—the subtle expression of the inevitable sadness in life—emphasises the feeling of reality. In spite of the author's sympathy with Mary Abinger, her heroine, the *clou* of the story is Mrs. Farrer-Hammond—the Society woman whose refined and distinguished appearance formed the envelope for a sordid, vulgar mind, but who nevertheless possessed subtlety enough to deceive less complex mankind into believing her a model of womanhood. Thus did she gain a Platonic friend in Sir Julian Borthwick, who saw in her only a lonely, sympathetic, clever woman attached to a mindless paralytic. Miranda, her frivolous daughter, who was quite conscious of her mother's perfect acting on all occasions and carried on the traditions worthily by marrying Lord Wonersh, "a gentleman doll with real teeth" (bitterly so dubbed by that most lovable of detrimentals, Peter Glynn), was no hindrance to the charming friendship between Sir Julian and her mother. She was not long, however, in detecting the gradual apostasy of the former and in realising that the spontaneity and simplicity of Mary Abinger would prove dangerous rivals to Mrs. Farrer-Hammond's artificiality. Indeed, when the latter made her final bid for Sir Julian's favour—the offer of complete surrender (a good scene described with the necessary reserve)—it was of no avail, and even her last desperate stroke of telling Mary in the cruellest way the circumstances of her birth merely succeeded in separating the lovers for a time. That the conversation is occasionally forced up to an unnaturally clever pitch and that the description of Mrs. Farrer-Hammond is open to the charge of exaggeration are minor defects in a book that has much to commend it, not only in its portrayal of the social side, but also in its sketches of the Hoerton rustics.

"CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH."
By LEONARD MERRICK.
(*Grant Richards, 6s.*)

Mr. Leonard Merrick describes his latest novel as "an extravagance of temperament," and we are not inclined to find fault with the description. At any rate, it applies very well to the first half of the book, in which we see the heroic Conrad, a man of thirty-five, striving, somewhat painfully, to realise once again the simple delights of childhood and the ecstasies of boyish love. With a feverish zeal that is extravagant to the point of absurdity, the "hero" takes a house in a dull little seaside town that he has known in very early days, and implores the companions of those days to come and stay with him. The companions, naturally enough, make excuses, but Conrad insists that they shall accept his invitation. The unfortunate guests spend two or three excessively boring days, and

go away again. Nothing daunted, Conrad then proceeds to hunt up the object of his first passion, and finds her living in Tooting with a husband and several children. He is again disgusted, pays her some fatuous compliments, and hurries off to Ostend. Here he meets a married woman with whom he had flirted at the age of seventeen. She, also, has changed for the worse, but Conrad, still keeping in view the extravagance of his temperament, persuades her to pay a visit to his private apartment in the hotel. The lady keeps the appointment, only to find the extravagant one fast asleep. Finally, the heroic bounder returns to the dull seaside town, and there comes across yet one more married woman. He has not had the pleasure of her acquaintance in early youth, but so irresistible are his more mature charms that he has only to send her, in the last chapter, a short note, and she comes tearing round the corner in a hansom to meet him. Conrad, we are bound to admit, is a bore, but here and there Mr. Merrick introduces a humorous touch that helps materially to relieve the monotony of the novel as a whole. By far the best thing in the book is the realistic description of a dress-rehearsal as conducted by the rascally manager of a "fit-up" show. Another chapter that sticks in the memory is that in which Conrad recollects the course of his flirtation with Mrs. Adaile at Rouen. These two bits of writing go to show that Mr. Merrick is a keen observer and has also a considerable literary talent. With a less extravagant hero than Conrad, and with a more delectable theme for elaboration, he would probably accomplish a first-rate novel.

"THE VALKYRIES."
By E. F. BENSON.
(*Dean and Son, 6s.*)

The Gospel according to Wagner is scarcely likely to fail for lack of interpreters; indeed, it is more likely to suffer by their multitude. Summaries, explanations, bald translations of

the librettos are the inevitable accompaniment of a production of the "Ring," and now, when the echoes of that gigantic performance have been almost lost in the jiggling measures of the Italian school, we note a more curious experiment still. The idea of constructing a series of "romances" on the themes of the great operas and of offering them to the public in the guise of six-shilling novels is an enterprise requiring courage on the publishers' part and something little short of heroism on the authors'. With "The Valkyries" Mr. E. F. Benson opens the sequence, and, in point of style and sympathy, little fault can be found with his work, the handling of which, by the way, reminds the reader curiously of Butcher and Lang. But the task was beyond even Mr. Benson's powers. "The Valkyries" may make tolerable reading in Mr. Forman's capital version, which follows the original saga rhythms, but as a novel the thing will not "wash." Briefly compressed, Mr. Benson's matter, aided by his manner, would have been the best and most attractive preparation the Wagnerite innocent of German (if such there be) could have found for the great music-drama of Siegmund and Sieglinde, Wotan and Brünnhilde, but the present extended effort is, we fear, destined to failure. The illustrations do nothing to help the book towards permanent value. That of Siegmund withdrawing the sword from the ash-tree is singularly inept in conception and detail. The artist has forgotten that, on retiring to rest, Hunding removed his arms from the tree, yet in the picture there they hang.

"LOUIS WAIN'S SUMMER BOOK."
(*Hutchinson, 1s. net.*)

Mr. Louis Wain's "Summer Book for 1903" will more than sustain his reputation. The literary contributions in verse and prose are far above the average of those usually considered good enough for little folk, and some of them may well afford amusement to older people. Angel Davis, Evelyn Glover, Harriet Moore, Lilian D. Power, Mr. Wain himself, and many others have provided interesting items. "The Story of Kitteree," by Ella Sterling Cummins, is a delightful little Fairy-tale, and in "Jacky's Miracle" Alfred Hurry adds a touch of pathos which will appeal to the imagination of both young and old. It need hardly be said that the hundred and forty-three drawings contributed by Mr. Wain are exceedingly clever and amusing. The artist's versatility and faculty for imparting varying expressions of emotion even to the face of a cat are astonishing. It would be a strange child indeed who did not find endless pleasure and amusement in this "Summer Book."

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[DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.]

WILL IT WORK?

"In France, recently, marvellous cures in melancholia have been effected by a process of mental suggestion. The patient writes on the wall of his room in luminous paint the words 'I am gay.' The rest depends upon the extent of his faith."—DAILY PAPER.

JULY 8, 1903

THE SKETCH.

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LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

BY GUNNING KING.



VIII.—“THE SADDLER.”



THE IDEALISTS.

SHE: Oh, rippin' ! Your work has not been so good of late, but these pigs are quite like your old self !

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



BERTIE AND IBSEN.

By JOHN WORNE.

EVVA had often complained of Bertie's lack of the higher culture. Hence it was that he picked up one day at Sir John Wardlaw's a book of plays by somebody called H. Ibsen, or some such name. The Governess had left it lying about, meaning no harm. He read it and suffered a soul-change—one of those convulsive moments of self-revelation when the hollow shams of Society fall away with a crash and the truth stands revealed in all its mysterious if repellent beauty. At least, that was how it seemed to Bertie.

Yet Eva was not sympathetic. "If you want to climb a high mountain hand-in-hand with a child of nature, I don't mind."

"We are creatures," he replied, "of convention. Our engagement is like any other engagement—a convention. It reeks of propriety! We might belong to the middle classes. Ah, ah!"

"Don't be foolish!" said Eva.

He flung open the windows and spread out his hands to the view. "Oh, the glorious freedom of the wild upland!" he said, ecstatically. "Will you not come with me to where the eagle soars?"

"There isn't time before lunch."

"Lunch! What is lunch?"

"There will be cold roasts and the usual vegetables and—"

"Things to eat!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "All things to eat! At breakfast what is there but things to eat? And at lunch more things to eat! And people ask us to dinner, and what do they offer us? The same conventional, soulless things to eat—to eat—to eat!"

"You'd be rather surprised if they offered you anything else."

"There you are! Surprised! That's it exactly. There's the Philistine all over! No, we can't do that: people would be surprised. If I wanted to leave this hothouse of artificial trivialities which we call Society and to commune on the mountain-tops with some wild, unsophisticated—er—slice of unspoilt humanity—?"

"Say, the gamekeeper's daughter."

"Very well, the gamekeeper's daughter—I couldn't do it, because you'd be surprised."

"No, I shouldn't; she's rather pretty," said Eva, quietly.

Bertie coughed and had to think for a moment.

"You said I ought to read philosophy." He was a little grieved.

"It certainly makes you rather amusing."

"I feel," he replied, with dignity, "that I was made for better things. The gamekeeper's daughter would not think me amusing."

"Probably not," said Eva.

"We need not lose our tempers about it," he replied.

"Are you getting angry? I was smiling."

"When a woman becomes sarcastic, it always means she's losing her temper. You can smile with fury."

"But one could never be angry with you," she said, sweetly.

"You don't take me seriously. You think I don't understand Ibsen."

"It wouldn't be fair to accuse anybody of that."

Bertie became haughty. "You are laughing at me. Very well; I shall consider myself free to live my own life. I shall weave vine-leaves in my hair, if necessary—"

"Or possible," said Eva, with malicious reference to a certain threatening thinness on the top.

"You will be sorry for that," he said, and left her.

Outside, in the open air, he cheered up wonderfully, and walked off in the direction of the gamekeeper's cottage, to inquire whether there was a mountain within easy walking distance. At lunch he was absent: Eva said she thought he had gone for a little exercise.

"By the way," said Lord Bobby to Lady Wardlaw, "I've got an intellectual treat for you. Who do you think I met in the village this morning as I was ordering a postage-stamp? You'll never guess." They never guessed, so he told them.

"Why, the famous Professor Bahnhoff!"

"Never heard of him," said Sir John.

"Never heard of the Bahnhoff?" exclaimed Lord Bobby.

"No."

"Neither had I till I met him. But it's all right; he is literary, and writing a German book on English dialects. And you can't stop him now; he'll be here to tea."

Eva glanced at Lord Bobby with a smile. She remembered Bertie masquerading as the boatman Jinks, and wondered if he really thought she was going to be taken in again like that.

"Did you see Bertie this morning?" she asked him.

"Not since breakfast. Why?"

"Nothing; I only thought you—met in the village. He wanted a stamp, too."

"No?" said Lord Bobby, without a blush. "If I'd known, I would have bought two. I got a cheque this morning."

She tried another tack.

"Does Professor Bahnhoff speak German with an English accent?"

Lord Bobby was very successful in pretending not to understand her.

"You mean, speak English with a German accent?" he said.

"No, I don't," she replied.

"I never said you did."

His obvious desire to confuse the issue satisfied her that her suspicions were true, and she made no more attempts.

It was all right. They were all in easy-chairs under the trees, when an elderly gentleman appeared in the distance following a footman nervously and holding a large and foreign hat in his hand with all humility. He was bearded with a heavy white beard; his hair was long and reckless, and he wore blue spectacles and a scholarly stoop. To the last detail his attire was learned and Teutonic. Eva watched him approach with amusement. Lord Bobby introduced him.

"Professor Bahnhoff—Lady Wardlaw."

"I have frequently heard your name when I have travelled in Germany," said Lady Wardlaw.

"Madame," he replied, bowing low, "you do flatter."

She introduced him to Eva, who smiled knowingly.

"I think I have seen you often before," she said.

"Can it be possible? And that I do not have seen you, alas!"

"Are you quite sure?"

"Madame, would it be possible to be forgotten when seen, such a face, so what you call—superb? Ach, no!"

"You don't do the accent badly," she said, "but the politeness is exaggerated."

Lady Wardlaw seemed surprised, and the Professor was puzzled.

"You will have some tea?" said Lady Wardlaw.

"Perhaps the Professor would prefer beer?" said Eva.

Again Lady Wardlaw looked at her.

"Ach, no!" said the Professor. "Ze English tea is goot; aber—ze English beer—" He spread out his hands.

"Aber," said Eva, "das beer is gooter."

"Madame does speak our language?" said the Professor, a little annoyed at what appeared to be ridicule.

"Only just enough to make myself understood."

Lady Wardlaw created a diversion by handing him his cup of tea.

"Do you take sugar?" she asked.

"Ach, yes, if you please—"

"He doesn't take sugar," said Eva.

The poor Professor drew back in alarm.

"You know," Eva went on, "you have always said it tends to exaggerate the figure."

"I do not comprehend," said the Professor, bewildered.

"Oh, yes, you do!" Eva replied, gaily; while Lady Wardlaw wondered whether she could be reprimanded and sent off to bed. She decided to get round the difficulty by treating it as a joke.

"Miss Rowen is only a—a—temperance reformer, Professor."

The Professor smiled vaguely and said he took no sugar.

Eva nodded approvingly.

"By the way, Professor, what do you profess this time?"

"Eva!" exclaimed Lady Wardlaw.

"I am Professor of Language and Letters; you haf read my leetle work—?"

"I have read a good many of your letters, of course. They are most interesting!" The Professor bowed.

"I believe," said Eva, "that you take a great interest in Ibsen?"

"Ach!" he replied; "Herr Ibsen is great friend of me: a wonderful man! In zis country you do not appreciate—"

"Oh yes, we do!" said Eva, looking at him through half-closed eyelids. "I know somebody who appreciates him so much that he goes up into mountains with a gamekeeper's daughter."

"Ach, so!" said the Professor.

"Did you find her unconventional enough?"

"I do not comprehend. Zat is not Ibsen: I—"

"Another cup of tea, Professor?" said Lady Wardlaw; then, under her breath, "Eva, what on earth are you talking about?"

"You will see soon," said Eva, quietly, with a twinkle in her eye. Lord Bobby took her aside and protested that this was not fair treatment to a foreign gentleman who had fallen among strangers; she only said that these things could not be done twice. What things she referred to, and why not twice, she would not tell.

"Well," said Lord Bobby, "if you insist upon it, I shall have to give some explanation which will not be polite to you."

"You leave him to me."

"You seem to have met him before?"

"Often. I was engaged to him once."

Lord Bobby gasped. "Great Scott!" He looked at her in astonishment; she smiled cryptically. "He doesn't seem to remember it. Was it since he married?"

"Oh, he's married, is he?" she asked.

"Yah," said Lord Bobby. "Vife mit seex shilders in Heidelberg. It must be a blow to you."

"Oh no! He's capable of anything."

"Look here," said Lord Bobby, "it's all very well making fun of people we know, but the poor old boy hasn't learnt the language well enough to understand these things."

"Oh, I think he can protect himself!"

Meanwhile, the Professor had enjoyed a short respite and was recovering his composure, while gleaned a few facts from Lady Wardlaw about the use and abuse of the letter "h." He saw with apprehension the end of the conversation between Eva and Lord Bobby, and did his best to keep on subjects philological. She joined in at the first pause.

"And how is your dear wife in Heidelberg?" she asked.

"I t'ank you," he replied, cautiously; "mine vife is in goot health."

"And the children are all well?"

"I t'ank you; zey are in goot health also."

"I am so glad! I have so much to say about them! Won't you come and let me show you the swans?"

"I am ver' delighted. Madame is ver' good," he replied; but there was a note of anxiety in his voice.

"Come along," she said, gaily, "and bring some cake; we'll feed them in honour of Ibsen—and the wife and shilders in Heidelberg."

"Eva!" moaned Lady Wardlaw; but the girl only laughed. She took the Professor by the hand (he wore gloves, as one paying a formal call) and pulled him out of his chair. He hobbled after her, wondering at and half-admiring the sprightly ways of English misses.

"Is she going to drown the poor old man?" asked Lady Wardlaw.

"What larks!" said Lord Bobby. "I'll go and see."

He followed them cautiously, and watched from behind a tree.

"Now," said Eva, when they were out of sight of the others, "it's no use keeping this up any longer."

"Keeping zis up?" said the Professor.

"How many disguises do you carry with you when you travel?" she asked. He looked at her with blinking eyes.

"Do you know, they really think you are a German Professor?"

"Zey tink I am Sherman Professor? Ach, yah, dat is vot I am."

"Oh, don't be silly!" she said, impatiently.

"Ve come for feed swans, eh?" was all he could think of.

"Where did you get these shabby old clothes from?"

"I buy zem—in Heidelberg—vere I live."

"With the wife and five children—or is it six?"

"It is seex—tree boys and tree little girl."

"It wasn't quite fair to say nothing about them when you asked me to marry you, was it?"

She thought that, as he insisted on continuing the farce, she might as well do so too.

"I ask you to marry me?" he gasped. "Aber—I haf vife in Heidelberg and seex—"

"That is just what I am complaining of," she murmured. "It might have made all the difference to my answer."

"Ach, you speak so quick; it can be zat I do not understand."

She laughed softly. "You are doing it better than you did Jinks."

"Ven do I do vot you call Jinks?"

"Only I don't see why you go on now you know I know."

"Vill Madame be so goot to—to—unravel—to make clear?"

"How long did it take to get tired of the gamekeeper's daughter?"

"I do not know ze lady you speak about."

"I want to know whether she found you amusing. Were you dressed up like this?"

"In my country," he said, a little stiffly, "ze young ladies do not make criticisms of ze shentleman's dress."

"Ah, but we are different here!"

"Is zis vot you call manners of ze 'smart set'?"

He did not mean to be sarcastic: he was only asking for information.

"Yes; hadn't you better make a note?"

"I t'ank you; I will recollect. And in zis country do ze young ladies say zey are betrothed to shentleman mit vife and seex shilders?"

"Oh dear me, yes; that's nothing!"

"Ach, it is strange! In my country ze ladies are more—more—" He searched in vain for a word that should not by implication cast a slur upon her behaviour.

"You must find it a welcome change?"

"Ach, yes; it is a change." He stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"And you like it?"

"Yes; but ve must not forget ze vife."

"You, a student of Ibsen, say that?"

"Herr Ibsen," he said, solemnly, "is not to be read by people who do not understand."

She laughed merrily. "Dear boy, I believe you still think I don't know who you are! I never heard you so moral before."

"But I am myself; I am not anybodys else."

"Never mind that. Do you stay to dinner with this on?"

She twitched his long white beard, and he winced a little, just as if she had pulled at real hair.

"Madame is ver' goot to invite me. It is custom to pull ze beard on invitation, eh, in ze 'smart set'?"

"Why, isn't that always done in Heidelberg?"

"Ve haf not ze English civilisation. And, if I come, I bring ze beard too. You like it not?"

He spoke jestingly, adapting himself to English manners.

"I think it is most charming!" she replied.

"Of course, if Madame like it not, I take it off."

He began to indulge in playful gallantry, obviously the best way of dealing with this curious young person.

"Oh no," she said, "don't take it off yet! The others have no idea who you are. It was lovely to watch Lady Wardlaw's horror when I cut off your sugar."

"Ach, so! It was lovely! Madame wishes to cut off my sugar but not to cut off my beard?"

"If you are going to say things like that I shall not play any more."

"I am ver' sorry; it was but von leetle joke. You forgive?"

"Oh, do speak English! I'm getting tired of this stage comic Dutchman business. You were much more amusing as Jinks."

"Ach, I vos Jinks, vos it? Vot are vot you call Jinks?"

"Look here," said Eva, impatiently, "if I prove conclusively that I saw through your disguise from the first, will you be sensible and arrange something to startle the others this evening?"

He looked anxious and worried, but tried to carry it through.

"I will be sensible," he said, "and ve vill startle ze others."

"Very well," she exclaimed; "here is the proof, Bertie!"

She threw her arm round his neck and kissed him lightly on the cheek. Lord Bobby, watching behind his tree, opened his mouth wide with astonishment, not being in the secret. The Professor stepped back, and looked at her as if he were not in the secret either.

"But I haf vife in Heidelberg! I—I—it is ze time to go! Madame—"

He hurried back in the direction of the tea-table. She overtook him, and asked, "Well, are you going to tell them?" She meant, of course, "tell them that you are Bertie."

"You do not want them to know?" He looked as if, after reflection, he would not mind the strange thing happening again.

"It will be more fun not to, just yet," she said.

"Madame, it shall be in ze secret places of my heart." He bowed a courtier-like bow, and there was pity in his face for the hopelessness of her position in view of the wife and six children. Perhaps, also, there was a touch of regret on his own account. They turned a corner and came in view of the tea-party. Lying back in a chair, lazily moving a spoon in a cup, and wearied after a day's exercise on the golf-links, was Bertie. Never had the sight of him caused such violent emotion in Eva's breast. She stopped, with her heart in her mouth. She looked at the Professor in horror. He had taken off his spectacles and was carefully wiping them with a mottled red-and-white handkerchief. His eyes were not the colour of Bertie's at all. Even apart from that, he was obviously not Bertie. She gave a little, helpless squeak, and her cheeks were fiery red. The Professor saw her emotion, and said, softly, "Ach, Madame, I haf made promise: I shall not betray ze tender secret." He touched her arm, but she jumped back and fled like a startled rabbit among the trees, leaving him gaping with astonishment till Lord Bobby calmed his fears.

Bertie pursued Eva into the depths of the wood. After some difficulty, he found her. She was lying on her face on a grassy mound at the foot of a tree, and tearing a lace handkerchief into shreds.

"Eva!"

She sprang up and looked at him wildly.

"Eva, what is the matter?"

"Go away! I'm—never going to see any of you again!"

"Eva, darling, what have I done?"

"You've no 'right,'" she sobbed, "to—to go about pretending to be other people and not being them after all! Oh, what am I to do?"

"But it isn't your fault, dear," he said. "The old gentleman is such a bad imitation of himself that anybody would take him for somebody else."

She moaned, "Oh, but you don't know what I did! It was awful!"

He did know. Lord Bobby had told him. But he said nothing. He tried to take her in his arms. She drew herself away.

"I—I—kissed him!"

There was a long, a tragic pause. Bertie groaned and put his hand to his forehead. His countenance was most extraordinarily solemn.

"I had to tell you," she went on, slowly, "even though it means the end of—of everything."

"You might have spared me this," he said. "If you had only told me before that you loved him, I—I—would not have stood in the way of your happiness. It would have been more merciful to me."

"Loved him!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean? It was a mistake!"

"Yes, yes," he replied. "I hope you may be happy and— and—." His voice broke. "Good-bye."

"But I—I meant—I thought he was you."

"You meant to kiss me?" She nodded.

"And you kissed him?" She was silent.

"What a most erratic shot! But is there any reason why you shouldn't try again?"

THE END.



LOVERS of the British Drama assuredly can have no cause to complain of lack of productions and revivals this season. Apart from the newly arranged new Mermaid Society series, which started in the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, a few days ago, with a beautiful revival of Milton's masque, "Comus," and is, at this very moment, being succeeded by some performances of the still less often acted idyll, "The Faithful Shepherdess," several highly important dramatic works are to be vouchsafed unto us. Some of these are ancient, but more, of course, are modern, and, with the kind permission of *Sketch* readers, I will endeavour to foreshadow and even to describe a few of the principal samples.

Perhaps I should first devote a few lines to the aforesaid seldom-played pastoral play, "The Faithful Shepherdess," which has just been revived by the "Mermaids," and again, like

in remembrance of the famous local battle of some five hundred years back; secondly, the Elizabethan Stage Society's greatly daring revival of Kit Marlowe's tragedy, "Edward the Second," promised at Oxford the week after the August Bank Holiday. The third and most interesting of all forthcoming Old Play revivals is, of course, Mr. Beerbohm Tree's gorgeous presentation of "Richard the Second," at His Majesty's. This grand production will (as I stated some months ago) be given in September, with Mr. Tree as the bewildered but not too brainy monarch, Mr. Oscar Asche as the proud but not too particular Bolingbroke, Mr. Lionel Brough in the small but very important part of the unnamed Gardener, and Miss Lily Brayton as the Queen. It was in this character in Mr. Benson's interesting revival of "Richard the Second" at the Lyceum a few years ago that Miss Brayton made her first "hit" in London.

Mr. Tree is, I find, already busy with the preparations for this very important Shaksperian revival—yea, even to conferring ever and anon with the Blue Mantle of the Heralds' College as to the heraldic devices which will be especially evident in the big Tournament Scene.

Many *Sketch* readers will welcome this picture of Miss Hilda Spong, who is now in England on holiday. It is not so many years since Miss Spong made her first appearance in London as the Duchess of Coolgardie, at Drury Lane, and at once attracted the favourable notice of the critics. Her last performance in London was at the Court Theatre, in Mr. Pinero's delightful play, "Trelawny of the 'Wells,'" when she impersonated Imogen Parrott, the lady who had graduated at the "Wells" and risen to the giddy heights of the Olympic. Then Miss Spong went to America for eight weeks, but stayed five years, during which period she has toured, under the management of Mr. Dan Frohman, many thousands of miles, playing the lead in "Iris," "Wheels within Wheels," "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," and other plays. Miss Spong is immensely popular in America; since she is as sweet-natured as she is pretty and clever. Though but a few years out of her teens, she is one of the most travelled young ladies of the day, for she has visited Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Ceylon, Egypt, and the Holy Land. It may be whispered that, if the right part happened along, Miss Spong might postpone her return to the "U.S.A." for a season.



MISS HILDA SPONG.
Photograph by Burr McIntosh, New York.

"Comus," under the enthusiastic and skilful direction of Mr. Philip Carr. "The Faithful Shepherdess"—usually attributed to those prolific collaborators Beaumont and Fletcher, but really the work of the last-named fanciful dramatist—is more remarkable for ingenuity of construction and plenitude of incident than for poetic fancy or daintiness of dialogue. Its characters, however, are, for the most part, cleverly contrasted, and the sufferings of the several pairs of shepherd and shepherdess lovers concerned are often powerfully and even sometimes poetically set forth. From the time when the play opens with the lament of Shepherdess Clorin, who is shown to have just "buried her lover in an Arbour," down to the unravelling of the terrible tangle, during which the faithful Shepherdess, Amoret by name, recovers from dangerous dagger-stabs, all is pathetic in the extreme. Moreover, despite the usual outspoken phrases current in sixteenth and seventeenth century plays, the whole tone—or, as some say nowadays, "trend"—of "The Faithful Shepherdess" is as moral as was the late Artemus Ward's celebrated travelling Wax-work Show. By way of adducing some proof of the tendency displayed, I may add that one of the most moral and most self-sacrificing characters in the play is that called "A Satyr," who is quite an old-time Adelphi hero for rescuing "Lovely Woman in Distress."

Among the next "Mermaid" pastoral-play presentations in the Botanic Gardens are two highly representative old plays. One is the witty but, alas, woefully wicked William Congreve's comedy, "The Way of the World," which it is said (I trust *not* truthfully) will be given in an unexpurgated form. The other is Thomas Heywood's grand old play, "A Woman Killed with Kindness." This drama—which might almost be called "a tragedy of manners"—is certain to beguile all present of their tears, for it is undoubtedly one of the most searchingly pathetic plays ever written. I shall be glad to make its acquaintance again, for, although it was ever a favourite play of mine in my early drama-absorbing days, I have not seen or read it since it was given at a special "Dramatic Students" matinée, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, at the old Olympic, which is now, pending its utter demolition, a kind of private mission-hall for services held on behalf of discharged convicts.

Leaving for the time being a survey of the old play and ancient masque revivals contemplated by a yet newer Society than the "Mermaid"—the "Masquers," to wit—I may, perhaps, pass on to note, firstly, the impending Shaksperian revivals to be given from the 20th to the 25th inst. by Mr. F. R. Benson and Company at Shrewsbury,



MRS. HUNTLEY WRIGHT.
Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

KEY-NOTES

MADAME CALVÉ is indeed a wonderful artist. Her performance at Covent Garden the other evening as Marguerite, in Gounod's "Faust," was altogether surprising. She did not in the least depart from convention, although she made the character a human being, "and not a doll"; but she made one feel that here we had the true Marguerite, who allows herself to succumb to



MISS ELSA FUMAGALLI.

Photograph by Parker and Co., Southampton Row, Russell Square. (See Page 436.)

temptation with a very small amount of incitement. She dressed the part like one who is prepared to find a lover who will fulfil all her desires, and not as though she were the coy Marguerite with whom we are all so familiar; in fact, she fully realised the true dramatic key-note of the opera. M. Renaud was the Valentin, and he gave us a remarkably fine performance of the part; his vocalisation was simply splendid, and his impersonation generally was worthy of record as quite the best Valentin that one remembers to have seen. M. Journet was the Mephistopheles, and, though he sang the part well, and acted well, he lacked much of the subtlety and delicacy which we are accustomed to note when M. Plançon enacts this rôle. M. Salignac was again the Faust, and, without being extremely good, was worthy of praise; he lacks, however, passion and fire. Mdlle. Bauermeister took the part of Marthe with all her well-known success, and Mdlle. Helian was again the Siebel. M. Mancinelli conducted the opera, and the orchestra played exceedingly well, even though we may make a protest against the very brassy and noisy effects which they produced in the famous "Soldiers' March."

Mdlle. Barrientos, a new-comer to Covent Garden, made her appearance last Wednesday in Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"; we are sorry to say that she somewhat disappointed us. We had, on a previous occasion this year, had such a brilliant performance of this opera that naturally we looked for a repetition equally attractive. Mdlle. Barrientos was exceedingly nervous at the outset, but as the opera progressed she improved quite noticeably, though she certainly never reached Rossini's ideal of the part of Rosina. She has a very pure and light voice; but one may, perhaps, be allowed to caution her against the very marked facial mannerisms which she displayed. On a second hearing it will be possible to criticise Mdlle. Barrientos to better purpose, for at times she made one feel that her vocal quality was really fine. We cannot say that we liked Signor Titta Russo's Figaro; his acting was heavy, and his voice was certainly not equal to the demands made upon it by that amazing song, "Ah! bravo, Figaro." This is a part which should be played with great lightness; Signor Titta Russo, however, by no means entered into the light spirit of the thing. Signor Bonci's Almaviva was quite good, and M. Gilibert was most amusing, singing and acting at every point with spirit. Signor Mancinelli conducted the opera, and in his work he thoroughly felt the spirit of the opera from start to finish.

At the St. James's Hall, a few days ago, Herr Anton Van Rooy gave a vocal recital; but, in consequence of the indisposition of Professor Carl Friedberg, the whole burden of the afternoon's entertainment fell upon Herr Van Rooy's shoulders. He sang, let it be said at the outset, remarkably well. His singing of two Bach songs, "Todessehnsucht" and "Liebster Herr Jesu," displayed all his fine vocal quality and artistic accomplishment, qualities which won tremendous applause from his audience. We did not think him so impressive in Beethoven's "Cycle" of Songs; he depended too much upon his vocal and sentimental qualities and not enough upon the Master's music. In a number of Schumann songs he was, however, quite at his very best, his rendering of "Die Krahe" being superlatively good. In a word, Herr Van Rooy is an extremely fine artist, for he seems to realise the sentiment of the songs which he undertakes to interpret with the utmost intelligence; and he is never by any chance excessive in his outlook upon the simple song. Exaggeration in this matter is a malady most incident to the modern singer.

COMMON CHORD.

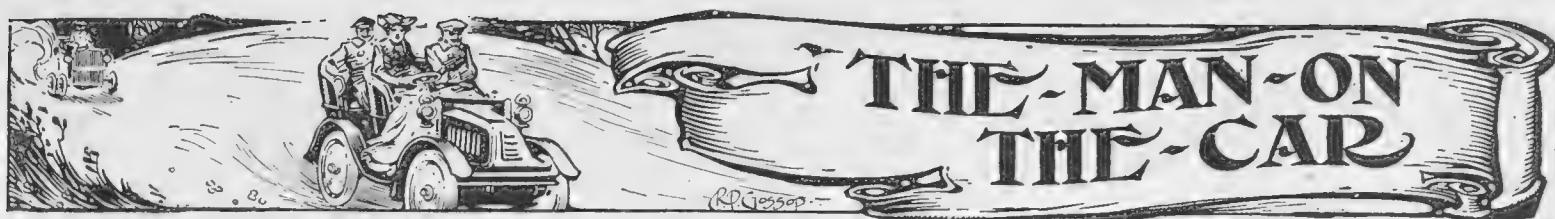
The death of Lieutenant Dan Godfrey caused universal regret, for the veteran bandmaster was known to all music-lovers in this country and to many on the Continent and in America. As head of the Grenadier Guards Band for forty years, "Dan," as he was generally known, was not only a great favourite with the public, but also with the late Queen Victoria, on the occasion of whose Jubilee in 1887 he was raised to the rank of Honorary Lieutenant. In 1896, owing to the age-limit, he relinquished his connection with the Grenadiers, and a little later formed the orchestra which has since become popular as "Dan Godfrey's Band." At



THE LATE DAN GODFREY.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Covent Garden Balls, at Brighton, and many other places, this body of musicians has fulfilled many engagements with great success. Dan Godfrey was much esteemed by the officers of his old regiment and the bandsmen who served under him, and on each side of the Atlantic—for he had taken both his bands to America—he is sincerely mourned;



Result of the Great Race—The Dublin Public—Mechanics—The Flying Kilomètre.

THE British competitors in the Gordon Bennett race had the worst of luck, for J. W. Stocks was early out of the running through an accident which befell his car near Athy in the first circuit. Though he was thrown out, fortunately he escaped unhurt, but his car was rendered useless. Mr. Jarrott, however, was less lucky, for in descending a hill near Stradbally the steering-gear went wrong and his racer ran into a ditch and turned over, with the result that his collar-bone was broken. Mr. S. F. Edge finished fifth, but even he was seriously handicapped by a tyre-accident which occurred when he was well in the running. The result was a well-deserved victory for Jenatzy, on a Mercédès, de Knyff on a Panhard being second, with Farman and Gabriel, the former driving a Panhard, the latter a Mors, third and fourth. Thus the cup goes to Germany, while the three nearest competitors were all Frenchmen. The Americans, as was generally expected, were outclassed.

Dublin was intensely excited last week over the preparations for the race and the speed events in the Phoenix Park. The Shelbourne Hotel, which was the headquarters of the Automobile Club, was literally besieged by automobiles from morning to night, and the Dublin public, who, it would appear, are not so habituated to motors as their fellows of London and Paris, gathered in huge crowds on the pavement in front of the hotel to marvel afresh as each car left or arrived. The smaller and lighter vehicles did not attract much attention; the larger and more ponderous the body and the gayer the finish, the greater was the interest shown. Running amongst the Dublin traffic, noisy because of the granite setts with which the streets are paved, motor-cars strike one as quite peaceful vehicles, the only car I noticed as particularly remarkable being the 45 horse-power Napier, going for the course and driven by her constructor and designer, Mr. Montague Napier, along Sackville Street, after having shed her silencer.

Car-owners engaging mechanics, frequently with the view of taking them away on tour, cannot be too careful in inquiring into the

antecedents and training of any candidate for their situations. Even when the man comes with good credentials, it is well to have some practical proof of his efficiency before allowing him to take liberties with their vehicles. I would always recommend that he be despatched to the Automobile Club engineer, to be put through his paces by that well-known expert, who should be asked to give the owner a private report. It is not enough that a driver should be able to drive after a fashion, and that, as soon as he can do so, he should be launched upon the automobile world as a mechanic of the best. It is not so much to drive that an owner wants a man, but to tend the mechanical economy of the vehicle with that sympathy and loving-kindness for machinery only born with a man and nurtured in training. He should not be looked upon as a necessity upon the road; his care of the engine, gear, &c., when the car is in garage should render *pannes* impossible when she is out.

MR. GABRIEL (FRANCE), FOURTH IN THE RACE.



MR. FOXHALL KEENE (GERMANY).



MR. R. W. WALLACE, ONE OF THE JUDGES OF THE RACE.



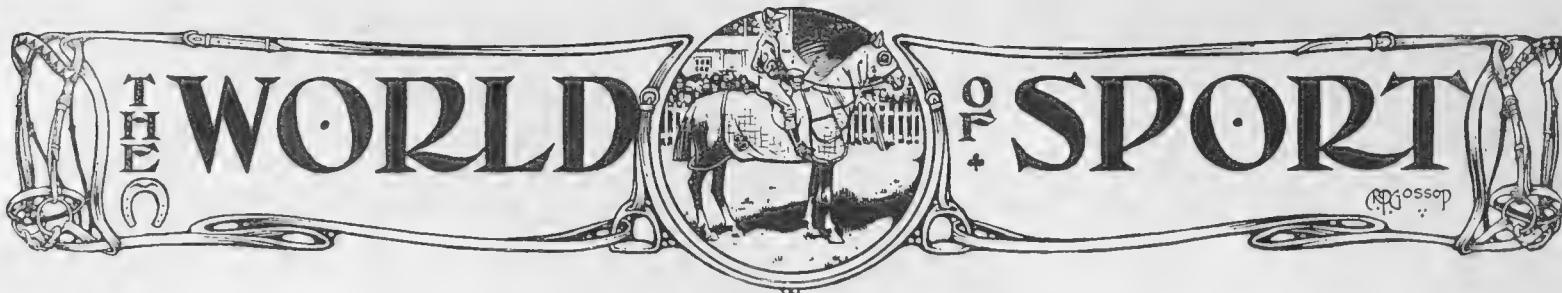
MR. JULIAN ORDE, SECRETARY OF THE ENGLISH AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

THE GORDON BENNETT RACE: SOME INTERESTING PORTRAITS.

By Lafayette, Dublin.

Panhard in the early morning of the 25th ult., when, after three trials over a certified and levelled stretch of road somewhere in Lincolnshire, he succeeded in doing the distance in twenty-eight seconds dead, with a mechanic up.

In the rehearsal for the Gordon Bennett race, Mr. W. Ewart-Hall drove round the forty-mile course on a Charron 15 horse-power touring-car in fifty-nine minutes.



Goodwood—Clashing—Walking—The St. Leger—Bonnets.

I AM told that houses are letting well in the neighbourhood of Chichester for the Sussex fortnight, and that the hotels at Brighton, Worthing, Shoreham, Littlehampton, Bognor, and Southsea are booked full for the Goodwood meeting. I rode my bike up to the course a day or two since, and found it looking lovely. The going will be, as heretofore, absolutely perfect, and I expect big fields for the majority of the events, as several promising two-year-olds are likely to run at the meeting for the first time. I believe the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Christian will be present at the meeting. There should be a very fine race for the Stewards' Cup, as among the sixty-one horses engaged are some of the fastest sprinters in training. If Sundridge, Lord Bobs, Master Willie, and Orchid go to the post, the race will indeed be a treat to witness. Tips for the event are as plentiful as blackberries. The favourites with the talent just now are Grave and Gay and Earl's Seat, while in the neighbourhood of the course they fancy Le Blizón, who ran second to O'Donovan Rossa two years back. On his recent running he could not win with the bridle and saddle only on his back.

There is no end of clashing in the fixture-list this week, and I do think the Stewards of the Jockey Club might remedy the matter by allowing more fixtures when the Newmarket meetings are on. It is a remarkable fact that stay-at-home Londoners do not care for Newmarket racing. They will not speculate on the majority of events taking place at the Turf Headquarters because there is a doubt as to the probable runners, &c. I say "a doubt" only because it is actually possible at times to print in an evening paper an almost exact list of probable runners. The public, however, little think that this is the result of a hard day's work on the part of nine men, and it is possible for the scheme to gang agley if the telegraph operators or telegraph messengers happen to be a bit lazier than usual. I would respectfully suggest that, as the Newmarket meetings seemingly are run for the classes, other fixtures for the masses should be made concurrent. The plan could be made to work well, and the little owners, the little jockeys, and the little bookmakers would welcome the innovation.

A correspondent wishes to let me know that he walks to and from the race-meetings whenever possible. For instance, he walks up and

down to Goodwood from Chichester, and sometimes from Bognor. He walks to the course at Brighton and at Lewes, Windsor, and even far-off Manchester. His record beats my own. I always tramp to the course at Windsor, Brighton, and Lewes, but I have never tried the Goodwood walk. My friend Mr. Martin Cobbett, the well-known sporting journalist, is a great walker. So is another friend of mine, Mr. P. Lane, whose daughter, Miss Grace Lane, is the well-known



TRAINING AT HENLEY: J. B. JUVENAL (PHILADELPHIA), A COMPETITOR FOR THE DIAMOND SCULLS.

actress. The late Lord Chief Justice of England once walked from London to Ascot, and was out next morning, as usual, to see the early work. It would be a good thing if some of the gouty bookmakers took more walking exercise and less food and drink. Thanks to the introduction of Turkish baths, our jockeys have little walking to do to get weight off nowadays.

I, for one, am delighted to hear that His Majesty the King is to go to Doncaster to see the race for the St. Leger, and I do hope owners may be induced to run their horses on the off-chance. At present, many people think the race all over bar shouting for Rock Sand, and he must be a tip-top colt, but we do not know how he will be suited by the extra distance. I hope M. Blanc will send Vinicius to Doncaster, as many Frenchmen think him better at one and three-quarter miles than at a mile and a-half. My Newmarket man says Mead has come on by leaps and bounds, and, if well on the day, he considers the King's colt will go close. But Mead is seemingly a horse of moods, and I cannot account for his poor display in his second race at Ascot, unless the heavy course upset him. Still, R. Marsh has not lost faith in the colt, who may run well on the Town Moor. He is, I know, a stout animal, a good stayer, and could go fast when putting in his best work. His breeding by Persimmon—Meadow Chat is good enough, although I am not in love with chestnut colts.

I am surprised that trainers do not put sunbonnets on racehorses while they are parading the paddocks during the very warm weather, especially seeing that the head-adornments have come into general use in London among the draught-horses. It is pleasant to notice that the men who go racing are not afraid to don their flannels and Panamas, as it is highly necessary to keep cool when hunting for winners.

CAPTAIN COE.



TRAINING AT HENLEY: THE LEANDER EIGHT.
(See "The Mere Man.")

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

HAS the hot weather an irritating effect on people, I wonder? In London, perhaps, it has. There are hot pavements and patent-leather boots, for instance, as factors; tightly fitting frocks that don't easily go on, and limp daughters that don't easily go off; viands that won't keep, candles that won't sit up, husbands



[Copyright.]

A DARK-BLUE LINEN DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY.

that will stay out, and a variety of other attendant details that deprive life of its ordinary elasticity. However, London, with all its pomps, will soon be blotted out of the social map until mid-October, as the great scatteration begins earlier each year and before July is half over people are all agog to go away.

The gowns at Ranelagh on Saturday were quite an object-lesson in reckless extravagance; description pales its ineffectual sentences before their immensities, and the only coherent remembrance that remains to one was of an evidently French and—needless to add—very smart young woman, who wore an elaborate garment of guipure, Swiss open-work, and linen fringe in pale écrù over mauve mousseline. The gown was admirable in its well-considered intricacies, but seemed to lay a snare for every parasol or waylaying hook, tassel, or other millinery free-lance that passed. So much so that the charming wearer seemed to create a perfect pathway of entanglements and subsequent apologies wherever she walked, sat, or stood. It certainly was a most diverting dress to follow, but preserve me from indulging in its remotest fifth cousin, not if it was offered as the most beguiling bargain that ever a shopman tempted wavering woman with.

Talking of frocks, I saw a simple blue serge eked out with narrow silver braid and filigree buttons *en suite* this week. It is to figure at Cowes and was made by Redfern, and when I add that its lines and cut were perfection it is simply an oft-told tale; but the crux of the matter is that only Redfern can evolve such an admirable *ensemble* out of such primary elements as silver braid and navy serge. That, surely, is where the artist in clothes discovers himself. It is easy enough to pile priceless lace on exquisite embroidery and then view the whole with complacence, but it takes the master handicraftsman to evolve the *chef d'œuvre* out of mere serge and stuff and prosaic tweed.

I hear that amongst the hundreds of motor people who went to Ireland for the great race so many of the women folk had adopted the skirt-sacs invented by Burberrys, of the Haymarket and Basingstoke, who are so well known to the sporting contingent all over the world. The skirt-sac, for the benefit of those who do not know, is a rug formed, as its name denotes, like a sac or bag with a rubber footboard. The wearer simply steps into it, and is secured from dust, rain, or draughts. It emphatically is *the* garment for everyone who drives or "motes" much.

Another good idea of this famous firm is the motor-livery, invented by them exclusively, which elevates the present untidy-looking mechanician in whose steering lies our lives and destinies into a quite smart-looking official. One of these drivers' liveries consists of a short tunic of green velveteen with brass buttons, white corduroy breeches, high boots, and a cap with badge or cockade. It looks most neat and workmanlike.

"The large family of the English Smiths" was deprived of one representative last week when Miss E. M. Smith, of 39, Holland Park, became Mrs. T. P. Hardwicke, of Surbiton, under the ministrations of Canon Pennefather at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington. The bride wore white in the immemorial manner, and was escorted by four bridesmaids and two pages, also clothed in that virginal tone, while the wedding-presents were, in the accepted formula, "numerous and costly." Mr. and Mrs. Hardwicke, following the reception at 39, Holland Park, proceeded to Eastbourne for the honeymoon.

The Royal visit to Earl's Court brought many of the *monde* to that popular playground of summer Londoners on Saturday, and of the thousands who passed through Elysia there were few who did not



[Copyright.]

A FÊTE-GOWN OF WHITE WITH BLACK THREAD.

walk through the model house so charmingly fitted up by Norman and Stacey, the well-known artistic furnishers of Tottenham Court Road.

Every room has its own distinctive feature, which arrests attention and claims admiration at once. The drawing-room, with its curious, canopied fireplace in dull copper and curved fireside seats which idealise the "settle" of other days and are the acme of the

picturesque and comfortable. The smoking-room, with brilliant crimson walls and furniture lacquered a real sealing-wax red, is a most happy combination of cheery cosiness and charming colour.



A MEMORIAL OF MR. SAMUEL POPE, K.C.

where Norman and Stacey are holding an exhibition of carpets in their own exclusive designs, I saw one which would make the basis of a lovely room. It was moss-green, the colour of a well-cared-for lawn, and around the border peeps of Neapolitan violet in an exquisite design. Norman and Stacey lately did a room for one of the foreign Royalties in similar tones. The furniture was satin-wood and the walls panelled in écrù brocade with a design of moss rosebuds tied into posies with little mauve ribbons—an ideal boudoir, surely.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

MATRON (Chelmsford).—It is rather a pity you cannot come up to town. Still, most of your wants can be supplied by letter, and a most attractive catalogue of a sale begun on Monday (July 6) has just been issued by Spiers and Pond, Queen Victoria Street, which should enable you to shop just as easily as if you were on the spot. You should write for it.

SYBIL.

Miss Elsa Fumagalli, whose portrait appears on page 432, is a young débutante of Roumanian and Italian parentage whose fine voice and artistic rendering created a very favourable impression at the concert given by her mother, Madame Fumagalli—herself a daughter of the famous pianist and composer Adolfo Fumagalli—at the Steinway Hall last week. Miss Fumagalli, who is not yet out of her teens—she is nineteen, to be exact—did credit to her mother's teaching, and the audience encored with enthusiasm the duet from "Véronique" which she sang with Mr. Kaya. Madame Fumagalli, who is well known both in Italian and Roumanian social and musical circles, has recently come to London from Bucharest to take up the profession and teaching of music, and certainly her daughter does her the greatest credit. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano of great softness and limpidity and of a very wide compass.

The terrors of the Channel passage will soon be a thing of the past, for such a vessel as the turbine-steamer *Queen*, just put upon the service by the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company, not only reduces the time of the journey very materially, but also, through its freedom from reciprocating parts in the machinery of propulsion, has none of that distressing vibration which is usually such a fruitful cause of trouble to "bad sailors." The *Queen* has a length of 310 feet, a moulded breadth of 40 feet, and a depth of 25 feet. She has a complete awning-deck, and in accommodation and artistic decoration represents the last word of the boat-builders of to-day. In her recent trial-trips across Channel, on the first of which she carried five hundred guests, she did twenty-three knots an hour on the outward trip and twenty-one against the tide on the return journey, her time from Dover to Calais being fifty-three minutes.

The three English drivers in the Gordon Bennett Cup race ordered a supply of Oxo to be sent in to the controls at which the cars stopped, so that they might be able to obtain refreshments while waiting.

RAILWAY SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.

IN our last issue some of the facilities provided for holiday-makers by certain of the Railway Companies were enumerated, but the exigencies of space naturally imposed a limitation in the range surveyed. However, to proceed.

The London and Brighton Company are always up-to-date, and, as their system is in touch with so many of the most charming seaside resorts on the South Coast, they are able to offer exceptional attractions to the Londoner who does not wish to go too far from home. You may cross the water to the Isle of Wight without any concern as to your personal belongings, for the Company issue through tickets and register your luggage; or, if you desire to go farther, you may book through to all parts of France, Switzerland, and Italy.

In an exceedingly handy and well-arranged pamphlet published by the Great Central Railway in the form of an A. B. C. Programme, numerous cheap excursion and week-end facilities are announced from London (Marylebone) and Metropolitan Stations. The Programme, which also contains a clearly executed map showing the Company's system and other Railways in connection, can be obtained free on application at Marylebone Station or at any of the agencies.

The Great Western Railway Company may be numbered among the most progressive of our lines both in the accommodation provided for passengers and in the acceleration of train-service. During this month, August, and September, the tourist who would travel to the West Country is afforded exceptional advantages, for the Company's trains will convey him speedily and cheaply to the most charming spots in Devon and Cornwall. The ordinary trains have been quickened, many excursions are run, and tourist-tickets are issued.

The Great Northern Railway Company have just commenced an accelerated express service between London and Harrogate, so those who are best suited by a bracing atmosphere and the invigorating springs of the old-time village which has now developed into one of the most fashionable English watering-places will do well to apply to Mr. Oliver Bury, at King's Cross Station, for particulars of the facilities afforded. The Great Northern will also take you to the East Coast watering-places which have of late years come into renewed favour, and you may book to Cromer, Mundesley-on-Sea, Skegness, Scarborough, and other favourite resorts with a minimum of expense and a maximum of comfort.

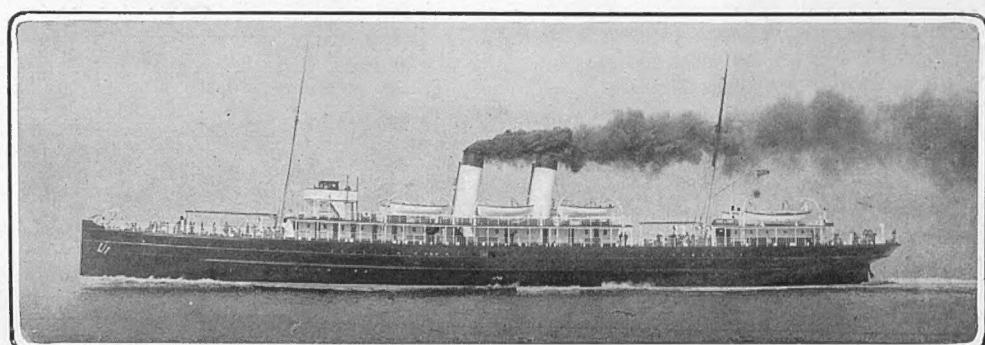
The London and South-Western Company, in addition to their Continental services, offer you a variety of attractions in the way of tourist-tickets and circular tours by rail and coach. Thus, you may travel to Wilts, Somerset, Devon, and North Cornwall, and by connections with other lines reach the farthest limits of the United Kingdom. Mr. Henry Holmes will gladly give you full particulars of tourist, excursion, and week-end bookings, together with the official list of seaside, farm-house, and country lodgings.

For travellers to bonnie Scotland, the London and North-Western and Caledonian Railways (West Coast Royal Mail route) have provided a service which should satisfy the most exacting of travellers. The trains which leave Euston for Inverness are especially well provided with luncheon, tea, and dining cars, and facilities are provided for the conveyance of dogs and horses and carriages.

A CORRECTION.

Mr. John Raphael writes me from Paris that he is not the representative in that city of the *Daily Mail*, as stated in our last issue. While he has done a great deal of work for that journal and was its representative at Rennes throughout the Dreyfus Trial, the *Evening News* is the paper with which he is officially connected. Mr. W. L. Mc Alpin is the Paris Correspondent of the *Mail*.

The handsome solid silver Loving Cup illustrated above has been presented to the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple in commemoration of the late Mr. Samuel Pope, K.C. It has massive handles enriched with scrolls and acanthus-leaf ornaments, and upon each side of the cup is a beautifully wrought panel, that on the front enclosing a finely modelled medallion portrait of the late Mr. Pope, executed by M. V. C. Bonnani, whilst the reverse panel contains the Arms of the Middle Temple. The execution of the work was intrusted to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, who have worthily sustained their great reputation for harmonious and dignified design.



THE NEW TURBINE-STEAMER "QUEEN" FOR THE CHANNEL SERVICE.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 24.

CHEAPER MONEY.

THE effect of the reduction of the Bank Rate is making itself felt slowly, but, perhaps, none the less surely. Consols and Colonials are, of course, the first securities to feel the improvement, but the sanguine, among whom may be reckoned some of the largest brokers, are confident that the effect will spread to other things, and end in a return to more normal conditions than have prevailed since the conclusion of peace. We hope it may be so.

HOME RAILS.

Last week we made some observations as to the rate of interest at which it was worth while to hold the Ordinary stocks of our first-class Railways. Let us for a moment consider what the holders' risks are. In the first place, the whole risks of trade fall on the Ordinary stock, the increased costs of working, competition with the new electric tramways mostly conducted by municipal enterprise, ever-growing rates, and, by no means least, the onerous terms which Parliament is always imposing as a condition of passing new Bills. In addition, we have to take into calculation the prospect of a, by no means improbable, general electrification within, say, the next ten or fifteen years, involving high capital expenditure. Bearing all these things in mind, we confess that a return of 4 per cent. on the prudent man's investment does not appear an outrageous rate to expect. If the dividends paid last year are taken as a basis of calculation, the yield is still well below the standard we have set up; but there are reasonable hopes of improvement, so that there is a prospect of something approaching our idea of a fair return being received by purchasers of, say, London and North-Western or Great Western Ordinary at the current prices.

The heavy traffics, as a whole, lead us to believe that North-Eastern and Great Western will pay $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. above last year's figure, and North-Western and Midland either $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or, at most, $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. increase.

THE BANKING HALF-YEAR.

The yield on Bank shares is better than the return on Railways, not because the risks of trade are more, but because of the heavy liability which attaches to this class of security.

The nervous investor cannot sleep in comfort when holding a £50 share with £8 paid, or a £100 share with £15 10s. paid, and, disguise the off-chance of a smash as we will, there can be no doubt that there ought to be some corresponding advantage in the way of increased interest to compensate for the risk. The holder of Bank shares is trading not only on his capital, but also on his credit, and at present prices, and assuming 4 per cent. a proper yield for a man's money, there is from 10s. to 15s. per cent. in the way of interest to be got for the trade that is done on the credit part of the shareholders' capital.

The profits of banking are fairly regular—far more so than the profits of iron and steel, of coal, of hotel-keeping, or of most industrial enterprises, but even in banking there are good and bad half-years. The last six months, we should judge, from the conditions which have prevailed, cannot have been a fat time for those institutions whose main source of profit is the City of London, or even suburban branches, but the Banks doing a large country business will, probably, easily maintain the profit rate of the last few years. The London and Westminster is a typical example of the former kind of Bank, and we are not therefore surprised at a reduction of 1 per cent. in its distribution, any more than we are at the London City and Midland report showing a slight improvement. The wisdom of the amalgamations which have so vastly extended the field of operations of The Union of London is already more than justified.

The careful investor in Bank shares should consider both the class of business done and the field of operations over which it is spread, in making his selection of the institutions whose shares he proposes to acquire.

OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

We are able this week to give the first part of our Johannesburg Correspondent's opinions and review of the Albu group of mines, and the views of an expert on the spot upon so many well-known and

important concerns cannot fail to be of interest and value to our readers. The personality of Mr. George Albu is so dominating a factor in both the mining and labour politics of the new Colony that no excuse is necessary for presenting his portrait, we believe for the first time, to the English public.

THE ALBU GROUP OF MINES.

Like so many other leading Rand men, the Messrs. Albu served their apprenticeship in Kimberley. They were successful diamond-diggers before identifying themselves with the Transvaal Goldfields, where they have risen to be millionaires. The pushfulness and striking personality of Mr. George Albu would, under any circumstances, have commanded attention. On the Rand, Mr. Albu's rare business qualities have enabled him to build up one of the successful groups of mines. In this work he has been admirably seconded by his brother, Mr. Leopold Albu, who for the past few years has been the chief representative of the group in London. A German by birth, Mr. G. Albu became a British subject in 1885, but his love for the Fatherland has always been conspicuous, and he has done much to influence the introduction of German capital to the Rand, his chief financial ally being the Dresdner Bank.

For some years Mr. Albu was mainly known to fame from his connection with two successful mines, the Meyer and Charlton and the Roodepoort United Main Reef, but in more recent times, following the example of other Rand magnates, he has floated a financial Company, the General Mining and Finance Corporation, which has taken the leading and most popular place in the group, no doubt on account of the shares affording a lively medium of speculation. Moreover, one mine after another has been added to the group, till now the Albus control about a dozen, most of the newer ones of considerable promise.

The General Mining and Finance Corporation was formed as a private concern in 1895, to take over the business and interests of the Messrs. Albu, and it was only at the beginning of last year that the public was invited to take a hand. The capital, held privately at the time by Messrs. Albu, the Dresdner Bank, and several German capitalists, was 1,000,000 shares (1000 of these being Founders' shares, held by the Messrs. Albu), and of the shares so held, 300,000 were sold to the public at 45s. a-share. For the year's operations ending the 31st of December last, the net profits were £328,554, but it will be remembered that the first six months of 1902 were remarkably favourable for dealing in the Kaffir Market—at least, for those who had shares to sell. It is noteworthy that in the first three months alone the Company earned £200,000, so that in the remaining nine months the profit was only about £128,000. For the expired portion of 1903 the profit must have diminished almost to the vanishing-point, but the price of the shares would seem to argue that shareholders have a robust faith in the future. Out of the past year's earnings they received 20 per cent.—roughly, £200,000—while the holders of the Founders' shares netted £33,400, and £176,179 was brought forward. Of the Company's assets it is not possible to speak with definiteness, because the very details we would like to see stated are neither given in the report nor the Chairman's recent speech. It is interesting, no doubt, to know that the Company holds 729,037 shares in nine specified mines, but it is not enough merely to be told that they stand in the books at 29s. per share. It proves one thing, that the Company goes in for rather a cheap class of goods. In what are described as "Miscellaneous Companies" the Corporation owns 256,912 shares at the still lower average of 9s. 9d. per share. It also holds £266,485 First Mortgage Debentures and 292 Main Reef claims, mostly deep-levels, at an average of £260 per claim. On the whole, the Corporation has a very fair chance of making profits in a good market, for the large interests which it is known to hold in such mines as the Cinderella Deep, New Goch, Van Ryn,

New Steyn Estate, Violet, and West Rand Mines will, without doubt, be sold at figures considerably above those at which they stand in the Company's books.

The Meyer and Charlton has one of the best records on the Rand as a dividend-payer, its dividend career dating back to 1888. To-day, with the very moderate capital of £100,000, an 80-stamp equipment, and a life of at least ten or twelve years, the Company is a good investment at the current price of the shares. It works three reefs, totalling about 9-feet stoping width, and the exact duration of the mine really depends on the payability of great blocks of low-grade ore. At the moment the payable reserves amount to 250,000 tons. Only 60 stamps are at work, but the full 80 will be in operation whenever labour permits. The grade of ore crushed of late has been below the average (the yield for the first quarter of the year was only 36s. a-ton), but there is no reason to doubt that this will be improved upon by-and-by. It is in working costs, however, that a comparison with the pre-War period tells most adversely. Mr. Albu took much credit to himself in the Kruger era for bringing down costs at this mine to about 18s. a-ton. Why they should be 27s. 6d. to-day I really cannot tell. Yet the Consulting Engineer (sanguine man!) has no doubt that, when native labour, &c., they will come back to the old figure, possibly even go below it, for his prediction is that profits will improve to £9500 a-month, whereas at present it takes three months to earn as much.

The Roodepoort United dates back as a dividend-payer to 1894. It began crushing in 1887 with 20 stamps, and since then the Company has gradually expanded, its latest acquisition being the Roodepoort Deep. The Company has now a compact block of about a hundred outcrop claims and owns also over eighty deep-level claims. Only the South Reef is at the moment being mined, and, although narrow, it is very rich, so that, by sorting out about 20 per cent. of waste, the ore in the pre-War days yielded considerably over 50s. a ton. For the March quarter of the present year the yield was 44s. 6d. There are 70 stamps on the older portion of the Company's property, which have not all been run of late, for the usual reason, and 40 more were acquired with the Roodepoort Deep. The property is being re-arranged at present to permit of the whole 110 stamps being utilised. Of late, the average number of stamps at work has been only about 50. In view of additional stamps being worked, the policy of the Company has been to push on with development, and last year, despite the admitted drawbacks, 33,000 tons were added to the reserves, making the total at Dec. 31 264,000 tons. This has been further added to since.



MR. GEORGE ALBU.

Attention is now being directed to the Main Reef and the leader, to discover whether portions of them may not be payable, as in some neighbouring mines, and, should payable portions be discovered, the event would be of vast importance to the Company.
(*To be continued.*)

THE NEW ARGENTINE LOAN.

Considering the favour which River Plate concerns are enjoying at present, the £2,770,720 of 5 per cent. Railway bonds which the Argentine Government is offering at 87 appear likely to be taken without much difficulty. The yield is nearly 5½ per cent., and, in addition to the direct obligation of the Government, the issue is secured by a special charge on the extensions of the Northern Central Railway. Compared with the price of the existing loans, the new issue appears decidedly cheap.

GRAND TRUNKS.

Some disappointment has been expressed at the net result of the Grand Trunk May working statement, for, from the Chairman's speech at the meeting, it was hoped that the working expenses would by this time have been brought down considerably. To have absorbed £63,000 out of a gross increase of £69,000 is admittedly a poor result, and, if the figures for the first five months of the year are taken together, the net result is an actual loss in net revenue of £1500. The Canadian Pacific has managed to arrange matters better, and to retain a substantial part of its gross increase as net profit. There can be no doubt that the Grand Trunk was caught short in its coal-supply at a most disastrous moment, and the effect is working off very slowly; but the June showing will certainly be better than any of the preceding months, and the splendid increase of £42,400 for the nine days ending June 30 was better than the market had looked for, and did much to make the dealers cheerful again. For the six months the gross increase is now £493,500, and, out of the £106,000 which represents the June portion of the figures, the net improvement ought to be a substantial sum. It is certain that the enormous development which has taken place in Canadian business is not yet at an end, for the clearings by the Bank of Montreal for the last month show an excess of eleven million dollars over those of any previous month, and the land sales in the North-West afford further evidence of great activity.

THE MONO-RAIL PROSPECTS.

Everybody is expecting the prospectus of the Mono-rail line which is shortly to appeal to the public for support, and will, when built, connect Manchester and Liverpool.

If half the expectations of the line's godfathers should be realised, there can be no doubt that a revolution in locomotion will be effected, the like of which we have not seen since the introduction of steam in the early years of the last century.

A purely passenger service, with trains carrying one in perfect safety at the rate of a hundred or a hundred and twenty miles an hour, and requiring very little land for its working, the Mono-rail promises to make possible living at such distances from a man's daily occupation that competition by "tubes" and electric tramways must be quite out of the question. Until we see the prospectus, it is too soon to say whether the shares can or cannot be recommended to the prudent investor, but there is no doubt that every man, woman, and child in the country must wish the venture a triumphant success, if only from selfish and interested motives.

Saturday, July 4, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

VIC.—You may hold Cosmopolitans, and the Finance Company is mixed up with the mine in such a way that one goes with the other. The South African concern is pretty hopeless.

ARMY.—We have sent you the name and address of the brokers.

UNION.—Our answer referred to Waihi.

A. T.—The shares are a speculative investment which we should not care to recommend. The same dividend cannot be expected again, but there is no reason why a reasonable return on the present price should not be made.

R. W.—You may safely buy London and County, London City and Midland, or Parr's among the home concerns, but Bank of Egypt or Bank of Australasia will give you a better return with reasonable security. See this week's Notes.

WESTWARD HO.—Why not buy Hudson Bays?

B. D. V.—(1) We have a poor opinion of the Cottons. (2) An improvement in this Company's trade is confidently expected by the market.

R. L.—If the story of the strike is true, the shares seem a good speculation, and, provided you look upon it as a speculation, you might do worse than buy a few.

A. M.—Your letter was answered on the 4th inst.

R. C.—The Petroleum shares are a speculative investment, and the price of oil is very low. If you will take the risk with the chance of a profit, the purchase may be a good one. We should say, for your purpose, *Lady's Pictorial* Pref. and Van den Bergh's Pref. would be more suitable.

T. L. G.—The Debentures have been improved by the deal, as they now have the Managers' capital behind them. There is no cheaper investment to be picked up. The necessary amount of shareholders have agreed to sell at the price offered. There will probably be a very restricted market in future, or we should say both classes of shares were worth picking up. The Railway Debentures are not a bad speculative purchase, but we do not see much catch in the Telegraph Preference.

J. F.—"The House Haunter" thanks you for your letter. You may be sure our voice will always be raised to get justice done.

Ladies' Army and Navy Club.—In our last issue the wrong name was given and the wrong photograph produced of the Secretary of this Club. The name should have been that of Mrs. George Dundas, the originator and Secretary of this very popular and successful Club.

UNRIVALLED SCENERY.—Shooting, Fishing, Golf, &c. 800 feet above Sea-level. CHURCH STRETTON—THE HIGHLANDS OF ENGLAND. THE MOST FAVOURED HEALTH RESORT OF THE MIDLANDS. Interesting Guide obtainable from the Hon. Sec., G. L. JONES, Church Stretton Advancement Association.

FRUIT FARM, GUERNSEY.—Three acres, four hot-houses; farm is in full crop; must be sold; will accept any reasonable offer. Full particulars from "S." Martin Brothers, Cigar Shippers, 25, Cheapside, London, E.C.

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The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

July 8, 1903.

Signature.....

Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard have lately been privileged to send, at the request of His Majesty's Stationery Office, three of their well-known "Swan" Fountain Pens to His Majesty the King, Royal Yacht, Portsmouth.

Members of the retail tobacco trade have just been informed by circular that the Imperial Tobacco Company, Limited, is about to enter the pipe trade and the tobacconists' fancy-goods business, and is placing upon the market, among other articles, the "Imperial" Pipe, a shilling briar with hall-marked silver mount. The premises formerly occupied by Messrs. Ogden, Limited, at 58, Holborn Viaduct, are to be utilised as the Wholesale Headquarters for this new departure.

Messrs. Stanley Lucas and Son have just published two songs which are well worth the attention of vocalists tired of the inanities of the modern ballad. When it is mentioned that, by permission of Messrs. Macmillan, Elsa Leveiseur, a South African lady, has utilised certain of Tennyson's verses for her musical theme, no more need be said on that point. "The Throstle" and "To Marietje," though in parts showing signs of immaturity, are distinctly promising compositions.